The Outlook

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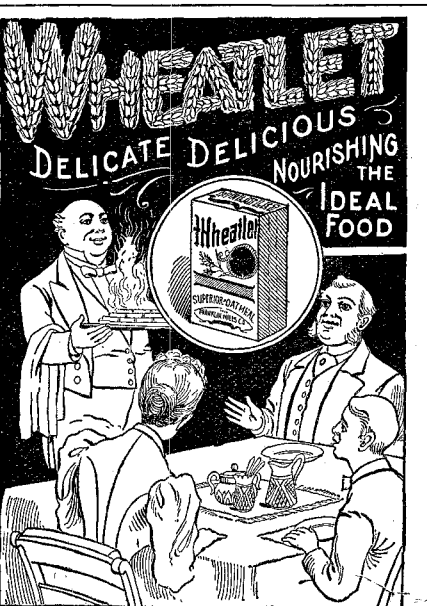

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The Outlook

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THE general Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States was signed on Monday of this week by Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote on behalf of the two countries concerned. The treaty was immediately transmitted by President Cleveland to the United States Senate for ratification; no doubt is expressed that the Senate will promptly and cordially agree to ratify the treaty. President Cleveland in his message accompanying the treaty rightly points out its great value as "a long step in the right direction and as embodying a practical working plan." The treaty will be in force for five years. The main provisions, slightly condensed, are as follows:

Article I. The parties agree to arbitrate, subject to this treaty, all questions in difference which they may fail to adjust themselves by diplomatic negotiations.

Article II. All pecuniary claims or groups of claims, which in the aggregate do not exceed £100,000 in amount and do not involve the determination of territorial claims, shall be dealt with and decided by an arbitration tribunal constituted as provided for in the following articles.

Article III. Each party shall nominate one arbitrator, who shall be a jurist of repute, and the two arbitrators so nominated shall, within two months of their nomination, select an umpire. In the event of their failing to do so within the limit of time, the umpire shall be appointed by agreement between the members of the Supreme Court of the United States and the members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of Great Britain. In case they fail to agree upon an umpire within three months, the umpire shall be selected in the manner provided in Article X. (namely, by the King of Sweden and Norway in case neither party objects; if either objects, a substitute may be chosen by the two countries). The person so selected shall be President of the tribunal. The award of a majority of the members shall be final.

Article IV. All pecuniary claims or groups of claims exceeding £100,000 and all other matters in respect whereof either of the parties shall have rights against the other, under the treaty or otherwise, provided they do not involve territorial claims, shall be decided by the tribunal, constituted as follows:

Article V. Any subject of arbitration described in Article IV. shall be submitted to the tribunal provided for in Article III., the award whereof, if unanimous, shall be final. If not unanimous, either party may, within six months from the date of the award, demand a review thereof. In such case the matter in dispute shall be submitted to an arbitration tribunal consisting of five jurists of repute, no one of whom has been a member of the tribunal whose award is to be reviewed, and who shall be selected thus—namely, two by each party, one to act as umpire by these four, and to be chosen within three months from nomination. Failing to choose in time, the umpire shall be appointed by agreement of the nominating bodies in Article III. In case they do not agree upon an umpire within three months of the date applied to by the parties; the umpire shall be selected as in Article X., the person so selected to be President. The award of a majority shall be final.

Article VI. Any controversy involving the determination of territorial claims shall be submitted to a tribunal of six members, three of whom, subject to the provisions of Article VIII., shall be Judges of the Supreme Court or Justices of Circuit Courts, to be nominated by the President of the United States. The other three members shall be Judges of the British Supreme Court or members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to be nominated by the Queen. Their award by a majority of not less than 5 to 1 shall be final. If there is less than the prescribed majority, the award shall also be final, unless either party within three months protests that the award is erroneous. If the award is protested or the members of the tribunal are equally divided, there shall be no recourse to hostile measures of any description until the mediation of one or more friendly powers shall have been invited by one or the other party.

Article VIII. provides that, where one of the United States or a British colony is specially concerned, the President or Queen may make a judicial officer of the State or colony an arbitrator.

❀

It will be seen that, if the foregoing summary is correct, the treaty is limited in its application. Nothing else could at this time be expected. Those whom the President called "advocates of immediate, unlimited, and irrevocable arbitration of all international controversies" would

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indeed be unreasonable if they expected to attain at the outset such an ideal condition. The present treaty opens the way to a wider extension in the future of the principle of peaceable settlement of international difficulties. It is a welcome and encouraging sign also of permanence in the friendly relations now existing between the two great English-speaking nations of the world. In short, it is not too much to say that its adoption is one of the greatest events in modern history.

❀

The Pacific Funding Bill defeated on Monday was much less favorable in the terms offered the Government than was its predecessor defeated two years ago. The former bill estimated the debt of the roads to the Government at $138,000,000, and proposed that the Government extend it for fifty years at three per cent.; this year's measure estimated the debt at a smaller sum, and proposed that the Government extend it for eighty-odd years at two per cent. The principal reason for the less favorable terms offered to the Government this year was probably the decision of the Supreme Court that the estates of Messrs. Stanford, Hopkins, Huntington, and Crocker were not liable for the debts of the Central Pacific Company to the amount of the stock these estates held at the time of the Company's incorporation. As these estates held $64,000,000 of stock, and had been widely believed to be legally as well as morally bound to pay this amount to the Government, the Supreme Court decision greatly lessened the money value of the Government's claims. Another reason, possibly, for the great change in the terms offered was the reliance of the Pacific Railway interests on the hostility of Congress to anything resembling the Government ownership of the roads. In the debate in the House of Representatives last week the friends of the Funding Bill insisted again and again that the Government was confronted with the alternative of accepting the terms now offered, or of foreclosing its mortgages and taking possession of the roads. The great majority of those who opposed the bill disclaimed any desire for Government ownership, but urged that the continuance of the present loan for eighty-odd years at two per cent. interest would be a gross piece of class legislation. The most striking incident in the debate was the unexpected outburst of applause which greeted the declaration of Mr. Northway, of Ohio, that rather than accept such terms he "would have the Government foreclose the mortgage, take the road, and operate it." The vote on the bill was a bitter disappointment to its champions on the floor, and in the scandalously large and aggressive lobby. Only 86 Republicans and 16 Democrats supported the measure, while 99 Republicans, 58 Democrats, and 11 Independents or Populists voted against it.

❀

At the tariff hearings last week pleas were made for the McKinley rates, or higher, upon a large number of materials —raw as well as manufactured. The demands of the wool-growers fell little short of the absolute prohibition of imported wool. The McKinley rates were declared to be altogether inadequate. The woolen manufacturers dissented in some measure from this radical programme. Their representative expressed a preference for a conservative measure that would give some prospect of permanence. A like conflict developed between the tobacco-growers and the manufacturers of tobacco, and between the nickel-mine owners and the manufacturers of nickel goods. In each case the manufacturers wished a low duty on the goods they had to buy of others, and a high duty on the goods others had to buy of them. In the case of nickel, the manufacturers were assisted in their demand for a low duty on the raw material by the fact that American capitalists are interested in Canadian nickel-mines. These capitalists, who were represented at the hearing by Judge Stevenson Burke, declared that the American nickel-mines, if any existed, did not need protection. The views expressed regarding the amount of protection American labor needs to compete with foreign labor differed so much, according to the interests of the speakers, that it was difficult to follow the logic of their arguments. One witness appeared, however, whose protectionism was as logical as could be desired. This was Mr. Lubin, of California, who said that if manufacturers had

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a right to a tariff to enable them to sell their goods for more than the European prices, farmers had a right to a bounty to enable them to do the same. The most picturesque witness of the week was a New York manufacturer of "Oriental rugs" who asked for protection against German competition. The competition of the Orient did not as yet seem to trouble him.

❀

Senator Hale has submitted to the United States Senate a memorandum, prepared by the Department of State, on the method of recognition of foreign Governments and foreign States by the Government of the United States from 1789 to 1897, the object of which is to show the accuracy of Secretary Olney's contention that the recognition of foreign Governments is exclusively an executive function. The document is that of an advocate, and if one had possessed for his guidance only this advocate's view of the precedents which the advocate has chosen, he might reasonably suppose that Mr. Olney's claim was a constitutional truism. But the New York "Sun" has taken up this memorandum submitted by Mr. Hale, and has given the other advocate's view, and, assuming the "Sun's" quotations to be accurate, has certainly done enough to show that the precedents are by no means all on one side upon this question. In fact, there appear to us to be no precedents which are at all decisive. Such a question can neither be settled by an expression of opinion from a Secretary of State or a President on one hand, nor by resolutions adopted by Congress on the other. Joint action by President and Congress, or a controversy between the two and its final determination, can alone make an authoritative precedent. Two incidents which the "Sun" quotes approximate such an authoritative precedent: one, the instructions of Secretary Clayton, under President Taylor, to Mr. A. Dudley Mann, a special commissioner of our country to Hungary, saying to him, "Should the new [Hungarian] Government prove to be in your opinion firm and stable, the President will cheerfully recommend to Congress at their next session the recognition of Hungary;" the second, the resolution of Congress in 1837 recognizing the independence of the State of Texas after the question of the recognition had been referred to Congress by President Jackson. The question raised by Secretary Olney must be settled by fundamental principles, not by precedents, and fundamental democratic principles do not support a claim which would give such great powers exclusively to a President, whose powers are already quite as great as can be safely intrusted to a single official.

❀

In the United States Senate the Cameron Resolution about Cuba has been "side-tracked" on the calendar, and there seems little likelihood of its being called up again. The hot wave of Cuban excitement has given way to a cool wave of comparative indifference, at least in the Senate, and this notwithstanding the new resolution introduced by Mr. Mills, of Texas; this formally declares that "the expediency of recognizing the independence of a foreign government belongs to Congress, and when Congress shall so determine the executive shall act in harmony with the legislative department of the Government." It also recognizes Cuba's independence, and provides a salary for a Minister to the new Republic. This last provision is certainly all but farcical. One can hardly picture even the most ardent office-seeker rejoicing over such an appointment. From Cuba itself comes another report that Maceo is alive, followed by another contradiction; an account of the burning by the insurgents of the town of Arroyo Naranjo, only seven miles from Havana; further rumors about the possible recall of General Weyler, and the usual irreconcilable accounts of the movements of insurgents and Spanish troops. The position of non-combatants is becoming more and more pitiable. In the international aspect it is becoming clearer that the administrative reforms promised by Spain when peace shall come are in no way equivalent to even partial home rule, and that neither Spain nor Cuba is likely to agree to a compromise. In this state of things the diplomatic intervention of the United States in Cuban affairs does not seem likely to bring about immediate results of value.

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The message of Governor Black, of New York State, deals sensibly with most of the matters relating to the State's finances, educational problems, and legislative needs. The one paragraph that is unsatisfactory and weak is that on the important subject of civil service reform. This is badly expressed, has less of commendation for reform methods than of implied criticism of possible imperfections, and sounds very much like a defense in advance of what Governor Black has in mind to do. He says: "Civil service [throughout Governor Black uses this phrase when he means civil service reform] will work better with less starch;" "Beauty is not always a test of efficiency;" "A scheme is not necessarily effective or high-toned because it lacks common sense;" and he refers to "ideas so delicate as to be worthless in actual practice." In view of the remarkable results already obtained under civil service reform methods, despite the opposition of machine politicians, it would have been better, we think, for Governor Black to have made his criticisms directly and in plain words. The real question is whether the system shall be improved where it may be defective, or whether it shall be disregarded in spirit and carped at as to letter. The friends of good government in New York find little in Governor Black's sneers at the imperfections of our present system to lead them to hope that his appointments will be solely for the public good, and not for political and partisan reasons. The report continues to gain credence that the appointment of Louis F. Payne as Superintendent of Insurance is to be made. Mr. Payne has been described by Mr. Elihu Root as "notorious" and as "a corrupt lobbyist," and this opinion is very generally held by New York Republicans of the non-partisan kind. It hardly seems possible, in the face of known facts, that the appointment can be made. If it is, Governor Black may certainly expect what he probably has in mind when he refers to "intolerable clamor and irresponsible assault."

❀

Delaware is still struggling with her politics. At the November election Kent County (one of the three counties of which the little State is composed) was the scene of unprecedented bribery by the Addicks Republicans, and entire lawlessness on the part of the Democrats. The Democratic Board of Canvass threw out, illegally, six of the fourteen election districts of the county, and declared the Democratic candidates for the Legislature and the Constitutional Convention duly elected. They justified these proceedings by claiming that Addicks must not be allowed to buy the State, and that, as he had for motto "Addicks or nobody," so they had chosen for theirs, "Anything but Addicks." This position was not shared, however, by the best element of the Democratic party outside of Kent, and the matter was promptly carried to the State courts, which issued a mandamus ordering the Board of Canvass to recount the votes. Unfortunately, on a legal technicality, an appeal was taken, and the higher court (on the same technicality) has just reversed the decision granting the mandamus. Great indignation is felt in the State, but nothing further can be done, and the Legislature will, therefore, have no Republican members from Kent County, although they were undoubtedly elected by a considerable majority. The Democrats can now fill the vacant Senatorship at their ease, as they have a majority on joint ballot, even without the members from Kent. It is probable, however, that an anti-silver Democrat will be elected.

❀

Despotism dies hard. The present enemy to free institutions in this country is neither a king, an oligarchy, nor a landed aristocracy, which were eminently respectable foes as compared with the "boss" and his ally, corporate greed, who unite in an endeavor to control the commonwealth for what they can jointly make out of it. Intrenched in a system which gives to the boss the power to nominate all candidates, and the people only power to veto his choice at a general election, they sometimes cajole and sometimes defy public opinion. Just now, in the States of Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York, they are putting public opinion at defiance. In Illinois the partners who succeeded in getting into power partly because of the popularity of the Presidential nominee, partly because of the revolt

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against Altgeld and his methods, appear to have divided the offices among themselves, assigning the United States Senatorship to a ward politician of Chicago by the name of Martin B. Madden. We have yet to see any pretense by any one of his supporters that he has qualities which would make him a worthy representative of a great State like Illinois, or a worthy successor of such a man as Senator John M. Palmer. There is, at this writing, some little prospect that the public sentiment of the State may assert itself successfully and prevent so discreditable an election, but the prospect of defeat is not brilliant.

❀

The contest for United States Senator just closed in Pennsylvania demonstrates that Matthew Stanley Quay belongs in the front rank of political strategists. With ex-Postmaster-General John Wanamaker as the opposing candidate, with a great majority of the merchants of the State working night and day against him, with many of his one-time henchmen in the enemy's ranks, with his late chief lieutenant in command against him, he has won for his candidate, the Hon. Boies Penrose, the coveted honor of representing the great State of Pennsylvania in the United States Senate. This is the second contest within two years in which he has come out victorious, and his latest victory is the greatest, as he won the Republican caucus by a vote of 133 to 76. In August, 1895, he won the State Chairmanship fight by a bare majority of 8, and by the expenditure of nearly $200,000. Perhaps as much has been spent this time. Of course the most lamentable feature of the whole contest is the large use of money. It has been estimated that Mr. Wanamaker and his supporters spent upwards of $200,000. While printing, postage, clerk hire, public meetings, headquarters, and transportation (for hundreds of "shouters" were taken to Harrisburg by both sides) will account for a large expenditure, it would be difficult to understand what so much money was spent for, were it not for the candid admission of Frank Willis Leach, a leading Wanamaker lieutenant, that the expenses of numerous candidates for the Legislature had been paid by friends of Mr. Wanamaker on the understanding that they would vote for the latter in caucus. The secret of the great power exercised by Mr. Quay is that he looks a long way ahead; that he has long had control of the State funds, and through a judicious distribution thereof among the county banks has brought to his support the leading men in the community, that he knows how to make judicious alliances with his opponents, and that he knows how to keep up the appearance of winning when sorest pressed. There are always many men on the fence ready to come down on the side of the winner, and Mr. Quay's past successes enable him to impress these doubtful ones that his continued ascendency is assured.

❀

In New York State the conditions are at least no better. It is hardly doubtful that Mr. Thomas C. Platt will go to the United States Senate from the Empire State if he wishes to do so, and if he does not wish to do so he will name his alternate. The movement for the nomination of Mr. Joseph H. Choate is hardly sufficient to create a public ripple. The men who were counted on to lead this movement, and who were supposed to have some courage of their convictions, have run away before a gun was fired. And yet there can hardly be a question that if Mr. Platt and Mr. Choate were candidates for the Senatorship to be chosen by those whose suffrages carried the Empire State for the Republican party in the last election, Mr. Choate would be elected. The worst of the present situation is not merely that unworthy Senators are likely to be sent to represent the great States of Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York; it is far more serious; it is that, in fact, the people have no share in determining who shall represent them; that the Senators are not elected, but appointed by a self-constituted and irresponsible imperator, and that the mass of the people appear to be wholly indifferent to this political despotism. Even to-day a hot feeling of indignation manifest in the great cities of the State, and led by courageous representatives of the people, would suffice, in any one of these States, to defeat the "boss."

❀

A scarcely less striking illustration of

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this popular indifference to political rights and political duties is furnished by the manner in which the ring is apparently prepared to push through the new charter for the Greater New York. This charter is practically the constitution under which three millions of people are to be governed, a population as great as that of the United States when the present United States Constitution was formed. Yet it is apparently the purpose of the Republican majority in the New York Legislature to push this charter through before it has been really published, certainly before there has been any opportunity for a public discussion of its provisions, and without any submission of those provisions to the people. What is especially discouraging in the situation is that the mass of the people in the Greater New York look upon this process with comparative indifference. The Chamber of Commerce has, indeed, called upon the Charter Commission to apply to the Legislature for a sufficient extension of time to afford opportunity for a thorough consideration and discussion of the proposed charter, and has demanded that it should be submitted to the vote of the communities affected by its provisions. But, with this exception, we see very little sign of any popular resistance to the proposal of the Republican politicians to put this great population under a system of government on which it has not voted and concerning which it really knows little or nothing. The vice of American politics is not merely the despotism of the "boss;" it is, still more, the political indifference of the people.

❀

It would be difficult to secure a commission, to propose a currency plan, composed of more distinguished, able, and disinterested men than the ten representatives of the principal colleges and universities of our country who contribute practical suggestions for currency legislation to the January number of the "Review of Reviews." The variety, not to say antagonism, in their respective suggestions forcibly illustrates the differences of opinion which exist among the ablest financial experts. Professor Ross, of Leland Stanford University, puts tersely and clearly the problem: When the gold reserve of $100,000,000 was formed in 1878, it furnished a sufficient banking reserve of thirty per cent. for $346,000,000 greenbacks. But "by 1890 we had piled on it a second story in the form of $320,000,000. By 1893 we had added a third story of $150,000,000 of new Treasury notes paid out for bar silver. There now rests on the reserve the crushing weight of over $820,000,000 of obligation, a burden which it cannot, and was never intended, to bear." Professor Ross proposes to retire the $150,000,000 of Sherman notes, because this would contract the circulation only three-sevenths as much as the retirement of the greenbacks would do, and because "the bar silver behind them is now perfectly useless for redeeming them;" and he proposes to leave the $320,000,000 silver certificates in circulation, but leave them payable, as now, in silver only. Thus the Treasury would "do what every other payer in this country can do—use its option of paying silver or gold at its convenience in meeting its expenses." His plan seems to us the most practicable and the most conservative of any suggested. As silver notes are not redeemable in gold, the $320,000,000 silver notes left outstanding need not imperil the gold reserve; and as these silver notes are receivable for taxes, which amount to $450,000,000 annually, they would be kept at par with gold without being redeemed in gold.

❀

Professor Laughlin, of Chicago, Professor Folwell, of Minnesota, Professor Taussig, of Harvard, and Professor Jenks, of Cornell, recommend the early retirement and cancellation of the United States notes or greenbacks, and the substitution therefor of bank notes properly secured. Professor Taussig's article gives the best argument for this policy that we have seen, and suggests that the only defensible system under which the present policy can be maintained would be "that of establishing a separate department of issue in the Treasury at Washington, with cash of its own and resources of its own, and absolutely separated from the other financial operations of the Government, . . . analogous to the Issue Department of the Bank of England." The objection to the present system is, in a

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nutshell, that "the so-called gold reserve exists simply because there is an excess of available cash in the Treasury over current liabilities. . . . The reserve is thus dependent upon the accident of the financial condition of the Treasury." This appears to us an excellent reason for adopting the suggestion which Professor Taussig himself makes, but not an adequate reason for turning over to the banks the issuing of the currency of the country. The theoretical objection to this is that the issuing of legal-tender currency, whether coin or paper, belongs to the Government, not to private enterprise, and to relegate this to private enterprise is to increase the power of corporate wealth, which is already too great in this country. The practical objection is well put by Professor Ross: "We are urged to borrow money and pay off with greenbacks. If we do this, we convert a demand debt costing us no interest into a bond debt costing $11,000,000 interest every year. Do the American people want to pay the $11,000,000 every year to please the glib doctrinaires who insist that the Government must go out of the banking business?" The Outlook does not believe that, in the face of these objections—the contraction of the currency, the needless interest debt, and the increased power of corporate wealth—the American people will consent to any policy which relegates the issuing of currency to the banks.

❀

Some other practical currency suggestions are made, chiefly by Professor Sherwood, of Johns Hopkins. He proposes the appointment by the Government of a "commission of experts to investigate the condition of the banks and the currency and to recommend needed reforms." This would be wise; but to make such a commission of any value, Congress should first decide the general question whether the currency should be issued by the Government alone, by the banks alone, or, as now, in part by the Government and in part by the banks. The commission appointed should be composed wholly of men in favor of the policy adopted by Congress, and should have for its function simply to determine, first, how that policy can be advantageously carried out, and, secondly, what improvements in the banking laws would add safe and needed facilities to the people. Professor Sherwood truly says that our present system does not afford adequate banking facilities in agricultural communities, and he proposes the establishment of branch banks which are now prohibited, "the introduction of the Scotch cash 'credit system,' or some similar safe plan to render borrowing easy to persons of small credit;" and "either the abolition of the bond security system of issues, or the extension of the limit to, say, one hundred and twenty-five per cent. of the par value of the bonds." The experience of England and Scotland contrasted with our own seems to demonstrate the wisdom of the first suggestion. Concerning the others we express here no opinion. It should be added that the writers of this symposium generally agree that a policy of economy in appropriation and of increase in revenue is indispensable. Professor Jenks wisely suggests that estimates of expenditure should first be carefully made and then measures provided to secure the requisite amount of revenue, and that the variations in expenses be met rather by changes in the internal than in the tariff taxes.

❀

The past week in the business world has been an instructive one. January disbursements have brought about a still easier money market, until now call money is lower in New York City than anywhere else in the world. A continuance of high discounts abroad is rendered likely by the negotiations for a large Russian loan in Paris. The statement of the New York banks showed an increase in legal tenders and specie of over $15,000,000. The average gain of the initial week of the year rarely reaches half this amount. The gain in deposits was over $17,000,000. Despite the Delaware and Hudson reduction in dividend, most railway stocks and bonds advanced encouragingly. The volume of railway business, while somewhat improved, is still disappointing. The iron and steel trade continues in an unsettled condition, though the number of furnaces in blast has now increased to 160, and the export of Southern iron has grown remarkably. The export of wheat from both coasts has also shown a great

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increase. Our total exports continue to be largely in excess of imports. Fall River has become so overstocked with print-cloths as to operate against improvement in the raw material. Sales of wool are reported to be but two-thirds of the normal consumption of the mills. The outlook for 1897 was not improved by its first week's total of business failures, one of the largest ever reported. The recent bank failures in the Northwest are now recognized as being due to wrong banking methods rather than to the general condition of business. The colossal failure which precipitated all the rest shows clearly that under present conditions shareholders in banks are not protected. The policy of temporizing with unfaithful bank officials should be no policy for the Comptroller of the Currency.

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The action of the Roman Catholic Bishops of the Quebec diocese in suppressing a French-Canadian newspaper by the threat to excommunicate all those who read it has been followed by natural indignation, not only on the part of Protestants everywhere, but also on the part of Catholic Liberals. It is not too much to say that those Liberals have been challenged to a conflict in which the only issue must be the preservation of the freedom of the press, the freedom of elections, and the supremacy of the State in civil affairs. The Quebec Liberal Catholics have not been slow in declaring that, though they gladly respect the teachings of the Church in spiritual matters, in matters of State they will do as other British subjects do—think and act for themselves. The Czar-like powers arrogated to themselves by the Quebec Bishops have no place in any free country. They not only complicate affairs unnecessarily, but they render the work of removing the strong anti-Catholic prejudice so rife in certain districts an almost hopeless task. It is fortunate that the Liberals in Canada, Protestant as well as Catholic, have for their leader so courageous a man as Mr. Laurier. In a great speech last week the Premier declared: "I have labored, and I will labor all my lifetime, for the triumph of civil liberty and clerical non-interference in matters political." It is curious that the Canadian Conservatives should have been led by a Protestant (Sir Charles Tupper) who was pledged to re-establish separate schools in Manitoba by coercing the province, whereas the Liberals should have been led by a Catholic Frenchman who promised and who has carried out a fair settlement. This settlement does not re-establish separate schools, but the minority has the privilege of the desired religious instruction. In spite of the previous mandate of the Quebec Bishops, read from every Catholic pulpit, demanding that the faithful vote only for candidates pledged to separate schools, the Liberals carried 48 out of the 65 seats in the province. We are not surprised at the report that the Pope has sent to the Canadian Bishops the order, "*Suspende omnia*" (suspend everything). As the Toronto "Globe" well says, "The policy of the Catholic Church has been simply to adapt itself to local circumstances, and to accept and work with such privileges as the civil authority chose to allow. The policy of coercing electors, suppressing newspapers, and threatening Governments with destruction as the penalty of disobedience to clerical orders exists only in the brains of the Quebec Bishops."

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Last week, after many months of investigation, the report of the Pacific Cable Commission was signed on behalf of the British, Australian, and Canadian Governments—a result which may be regarded as the first tangible product of Mr. Chamberlain's colonial policy. The Empire will have a cable line free from possible foreign interference, since it will touch none but British territory: the cable is to connect Canada with Australia and New Zealand; England, Canada, and Australia each pays one-third of the cost. It is anticipated that this cost will be about $10,000,000, and that the cable will be ready within two years. The project now awaits the approval of the imperial and colonial cabinets. This event naturally reminds us of the project of laying down a United States Pacific cable. Before the Hawaiian Republic was established the Senate voted to subsidize a company formed to lay a cable to the islands. The House did not concur, but provided for a survey of the route. Congress

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has considered two proposals, known as the Spaulding and the Scrymser proposals. The first was that of a company which had an exclusive concession from Hawaii to land a cable on her shores, the Hawaiian subsidy being conditioned on ours. The other proposal was one to connect the United States with China and Japan by way of Hawaii, and the subsidy asked was not far from that previously demanded by the Hawaiian company. The Spaulding contract was not reported favorably either in the Senate or House, but the latter chamber finally recommended a bill in favor of the Scrymser proposal, while the Senate reported one which authorized the Postmaster-General to invite bids and to contract with the company offering the most favorable terms to the Government. The maximum subsidy proposed was $160,000 a year for twenty years. It would be significant of American energy if our cable should be laid before the British project is realized.

❀

Various schemes for commemorating the fact that Queen Victoria has reigned longer than any other English sovereign are being discussed in England; the best of them, and one that might well receive serious attention in this country, is that put forth by a committee representing a number of societies, whose aim is to preserve the historic associations and natural beauty of England. This committee proposes that localities in all parts of the Kingdom shall dedicate some plot of ground or place of historic interest to the common use and enjoyment of its people, to be called the Queen's Garden, Park, Field, or whatever other name seems appropriate. The committee points out that there are a great many counties in which there are no village greens and commons, and that in many such places the children have no playground and the people have no recreation-ground. It calls attention to the great success of the Larmer [illegible]ounds, which have been laid out in one [illegible] the most distinctly rural districts in [illegible]ngland by Sir William Pitt-Rivers. [illegible]ese grounds seem to stand in a soli[illegible]ude, and yet they are constantly thronged [illegible]y men, women, and children from all [illegible]arts of the country. A memorial in this [illegible]orm is for all classes. It cannot pauperize those who enjoy it; it is more easily managed than other forms of memorials; and it involves less expense. Hilltops which afford commanding views, beautiful pieces of woodland, stretches of water, waterfalls, sea-cliffs, and downs, together with places intimately associated with English history, old castles, historic remains—all come within the range of the committee's scheme.

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England is rapidly becoming so crowded that even in out-of-the-way places the need of breathing-places for the people is beginning to make itself felt. It would be difficult to imagine a more practicable or charming commemoration of the length of the Queen's reign than that presented by this committee, and it is a suggestion worth careful consideration in this country. No American village ought to be allowed to extend rapidly without retaining some place for a pleasure-ground. Beautiful views in this country are often to be seen only from private property; the places from which they are obtainable are inaccessible by proper paths, and when one reaches them there are no seats or other provision for comfort. In Germany there is always a well-worn path leading to any beautiful view, and there is generally provision for enjoying the view when one reaches the point. We need in this country a national endeavor to protect our fine scenery and to open it up. We need countless footpaths running from the main roads to points of outlook, and we need provision for rest at these points. All this involves very little expense; it is distinctly educational; and it would go far to ease the pressure of hard conditions on the host of people who now feel that they are cut off from the common enjoyments of life. Beautiful views ought to be public property, for no man owns the landscape, however the fields may be divided among individuals. American communities everywhere could not do better for their citizens and for the future than to cast about for places which, by dedication to public use, may become the pleasure-grounds of the people.

❀

M. de Vogüé, one of the leaders of that moral renaissance in France which is ex-

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pressing itself in education, in art, and in literature with so much promise and power, writes very sympathetically of Pope Leo XIII. in the current number of "The Forum." He traces the gradual development of the Pope's policy, points out the stages by which he came to be regarded as a great politician, and the later stages by which he has come to be regarded as a great statesman. In the opinion of this interpreter, Leo XIII. discerned very early that the Papacy can play a great rôle without territorial support; that among the forces of modern life—organized labor, the press, organized capital, and political organization—the Church still holds a first place. Leo XIII. was clear-sighted enough to discern the practically universal movement toward democracy, and large-minded enough to recognize the fact that the Church has never made a permanent alliance with any form of government—that when thrones led she identified herself with the throne, and that now that the people are leading she must identify herself with the people and become a leader of democracy instead of an opponent. The visit of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland to Rome in 1887 to defend the rights of the Knights of Labor had much to do with clarifying the Pope's views and giving his convictions their final form.

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Then followed the encyclical on the "Condition of the Workingmen," which brought out the charge of Socialism, to which the Pope calmly replied that he had only repeated the doctrine of Thomas Aquinas. Then came encyclicals to the people of France and of America. The Pope even went so far as to explain his politics to the editor of one of the great Paris journals. He advised the French clergy to submit to republican institutions. He is profoundly interested in the reunion of the Eastern Church, in the reconciliation of parties in France and the return of that country to its former position as a leader of Catholic civilization. He is also profoundly interested in the United States. Surrounded as he is by influences and connections passionately opposed to change in any form, this aged ecclesiastical statesman has quietly and calmly held his position, and become, in the judgment of the writer of this article, one of the most progressive figures of his time, and one of the most courageous in spite of his great age. In the opinion of M. de Vogüé, Leo XIII. is a sincere Liberal without any clerical hypocrisy, devoid of meanness, hatred, and the contemptuousness which so often goes with the ecclesiastical temper. At eighty-eight his face is toward the future, and M. de Vogüé believes that the direction which he has given Roman Catholic policy will not be changed by his successors.

❀

There is no country in Europe in which the outlook is more uncertain and in a way ominous than Austria, where for a number of years things have gone on with at least workable harmony because everybody believes in the Emperor. The situation becomes, however, steadily more difficult. A general election is soon to be held, and there are many indications which point to the approach of a crisis in the affairs of the Dual Empire. The present Prime Minister, Count Badeni, went into office with a great reputation. It was thought that his administration would be independent and constructive. He had a fine record; the Reichstag was, so to speak, at his feet; there were strong hopes that he would resist the ignorant, vulgar, and bitter anti-Semite movement headed by Dr. Lueger and by Count Liechtenstein. It was Dr. Lueger, as readers of The Outlook will remember, who was twice elected Mayor of Vienna and once set aside by the interference of the Emperor. But Count Badeni has apparently failed to understand his opportunity and to use it. Instead of antagonizing the anti-Semite movement, he has practically encouraged it. Vienna has been put into Dr. Lueger's hands, and the anti-Semitic campaign has become more bitter, lawless, and scandalous than ever. Moreover, the Prime Minister has treated the question of u[niversal] suffrage in such a way as to ant[agon]ize everybody; first, because he favo[red] it and got popular support from his po[si]tion; then because, in order to defeat it[s] practical working, he secured the provisio[n] that of the members of the Reichstag only seventy should be chosen by universal

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suffrage, the others being elected in the old manner. In this way he conceded universal suffrage and then made it inoperative; with the result of antagonizing both the masses and the classes. It is now expected that the seventy members elected by universal suffrage will oppose the Prime Minister and agitate vigorously for such an extension of popular representation as logically flows from the concession of universal suffrage. To add to the complications of the situation, the agitation about the renewal of the compact between Hungary and Austria grows more bitter and passionate. The anti-Semites are waging relentless war against the union of the two kingdoms. With the usual inability of the ecclesiastical mind to see things as they are, the Clerical party is taking this opportunity of insisting upon the repeal of the liberalizing laws of the last few years, the transfer of the schools to the ecclesiastical authorities, and the suppression of the dissenting churches. The Emperor will need not only his rare sagacity but his immense popularity to hold things together at a time when so many factions seem determined to break things up.

❀

Mr. Cecil Rhodes appears to have lost his head. He is under the impression, apparently, that the stability of English power in South Africa depends upon him, instead of recognizing the fact that his own authority depends on the power of the English Government and the force of English public opinion. In a recent speech he spoke contemptuously of English scruples with regard to English policy in South Africa, and summed up the situation in the words: "Some great men rear orchids [Mr. Chamberlain]; others pursue masonry [the Marquis of Ripon]; I added two million square miles to the Empire." He then went on to parody the Scriptural style of President Kruger, and he brushed contemptuously aside the Afrikander Bund between the English and Dutch, which is regarded in England as the one possible instrument of bringing about unity and harmony in South Africa. The men to whom Mr. Rhodes spoke drank the health of Mr. Rosmead, the Queen's Commissioner, in dead silence, but they greeted Mr. Rhodes with rapturous applause to the tune of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." And all this at a moment when Mr. Rhodes is about to stand trial for complicity in an endeavor to overthrow the Dutch Republic in a time of peace, with the possible consequence of plunging all Europe into war! It looks as if Mr. Rhodes were trying to impress Parliament with the idea that he is too powerful a person to be investigated; but Mr. Rhodes will discover his error. When a man thinks himself above the law, he is on the eve of a painful discovery with regard to his own importance.

❀

Famine and plague have joined to bring death and suffering to India. One can hardly credit the statement, attributed in a cable dispatch to the "Times of India," that by the plague the population of Bombay has been reduced by half, even if this is to include the flight of a great part of the people, for the population of that city is not far from 900,000. The statement that Bombay has now a death-rate of 200 per thousand is almost equally startling. It is certain that this bubonic plague has a horrible fatality, far surpassing that of cholera, and that in Bombay and other parts of India it has now attained a fearful epidemic force. It is supposed to be that scourge of humanity which has been generally called the "Black Death;" China, India, and Egypt have from time to time for centuries endured epidemics of this form, and whole districts have been depopulated. It is probably of bacterial origin, is marked by high fever, stupor, and coma, and in perhaps half the cases ends in death within forty-eight hours, often in twenty-four. As with most deadly epidemics, uncleanly conditions and tainted water spread the disease, and probably originally breed it. This Indian plague is believed to have come from Hongkong, where it raged a year ago. Probably famine conditions help the spread of the plague; certainly the two have appeared simultaneously again and again. In 1720 Marseilles lost 50,000 lives by the Black Death; in 1665 London lost over 60,000; in 1656, Naples, 300,000; in 1576, Venice, 70,000; in 1466, Paris, 40,000; in 1570, Moscow, 200,000. For the last century European

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cities have been free from the plague, doubtless because of improved sanitary conditions. In India it has been thought by some that the very soil became poisoned, and it is said that even the rats die of the disease. Specific remedy there seems to be none; where a foothold has been obtained the plague runs its course. Municipal and personal cleanliness are the only preventives. The wretched, filthy streets in which the lower-class natives live in great cities in the East must be thoroughly cleansed, and not only be made clean, but be kept clean, if these cities are to escape the pestilence.

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There has recently been a lull in Turkish affairs, but reports from various parts of the Empire indicate that it is only a brief respite. The Sultan continues to be greatly alarmed by the spread of the ideas of the Young Turk party, and strikes out wildly like a man in a panic. Secret spies are everywhere, and scores of reputable Mohammedans are arrested day by day, imprisoned, and exiled, the process being so swift that the victims apparently drop out of life. The "Spectator" reports that in a single week fifty military officers suddenly disappeared in this way, leaving not a trace behind. In Macedonia there are indications that an immediate uprising is intended by the secret societies which permeate that province, and which have recently been collecting arms and money on an extended scale. The insurrection in Crete has touched the match to kindred inflammable material in the North. In Athens a Macedonian outbreak has been expected for some time, and the Macedonians have been held back by influence from without. The Turkish Government is aware of this state of things, and is arming the Mohammedan population and sending into the province regiments from the Asiatic provinces. It would not be surprising, therefore, if the world should be startled some morning by reports of a general massacre in Macedonia. But the Turks would not find the Macedonians so completely in their hands. They would be confronted by a brave and hardy people, fairly well armed and organized, and they would have also to face the possibility of interference on the part of Greece. For if a massacre were to occur in Macedonia, it would probably be impossible for the Greek Ministry to resist the pressure which would be brought to bear upon it.

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The visit of President Faure to St. Petersburg, which seems to have been agreed upon, is interesting from many points of view. In France as in this country, it has been a tradition that the President should not leave the country during his term of office, and President Faure will be the first French President to step off French soil while at the head of the French State. Why this tradition has sprung up no one knows; there seems to be no reason why the movements of a President should be more circumscribed than those of a ruler of any other class. This visit is likely to cement still more closely the ties which now bind Russia and France together, and to further the good understanding which seems to exist between them with regard to their joint interests in Europe. The visit will be interesting also as furnishing the first example of a democratic ruler meeting the most autocratic ruler in Europe on a basis of official equality. That a man born in humble station of life and making his fortune by trade should be the guest of the Czar of All the Russias is a striking illustration of the momentous changes which have already been effected in modern society, and of the immensely diminished power of the tradition of the divine right.

❀

Some months ago we referred to the great mining activity in British Columbia, caused by the discovery of immense deposits of gold-bearing ore. The extraordinary activity which was then anticipated has been fully realized. Mining experts from all parts of the world have inspected the Trail Creek and other districts, and pronounce them incomparable both in richness and the large area of distribution. The output from the Trail Creek mines rapidly increases, that for October amounting to more than five thousand tons sent to the smelter. One of these mines has paid dividends of more than $25,000 a month for several months. Rossland, a town which did not exist two years ago, now has about 8,000 inhabitants. It is

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expected that, in answer to an urgent demand from all parts of the Dominion, a railway will shortly be built through Crow's Nest Pass in the Rockies, connecting the mining centers of British Columbia with the best wheat-producing part of Manitoba.

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Francis A. Walker

On another page of this issue of The Outlook will be found an estimate of the life and character of General Francis A. Walker, whose death we briefly noted last week.

General Walker deserved the honors which he attained in life, and the expressions of sorrow and admiration which have followed him to the grave; his accomplishments as a soldier, a publicist, an educator, and an economist entitle him to them. But we delight to honor him not for these things alone, but chiefly for his broad, genuine sympathy with human life and human struggle. While he was a scientist of high rank, we believe he regarded science as a means, not an end. The end he pursued was the development of man, and the betterment of human conditions. General Walker's views on the wages question and the money question illustrate the strength of his popular sympathies. He was a strong bimetallist, equally opposed to gold or silver monometallism, and opposed therefore to the free coinage of silver. This position was that held by The Outlook during the recent campaign. It must not be supposed, however, that he was ever identified with radicalism. He was, in fact, a conservative man. General Walker was a champion of popular movements in the world in which he moved, and this, it seems to us, was the secret of his power. The scientist too often becomes exclusively academic, scholarly, mechanical, cold; he too often comes to regard men and women as living puppets who exist merely to illustrate the laws he has formulated. On the other hand, the impulsive, sensitive humanitarian often forgets the inevitableness of economic laws in his sympathy with the struggling life about him. General Walker happily, and in a remarkable way, combined the scientist's logic and the humanitarian's sympathy. The influence which he exerted upon his fellow-men and his country, when compared with that of the dry-as-dust school of economists, is a clear indication that political and economic science rests on vital conditions and includes vital forces, and does not consist of abstract generalizations.

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Causes of Political Distrust

That the recent political campaign brought out very clearly a far-reaching discontent with certain economic and political conditions in this country is denied by no thoughtful man. On the contrary, one of the most hopeful results of the election is the freedom with which those who voted against the Bryan ticket are now inquiring what reasonable force there was behind it. Certain things begin to stand out very clearly in the consciousness of the country; one sees them in the newspapers, one hears them in every talk between men who want to get at facts. There are real causes for popular discontent, and until these causes are removed it will be impossible, and it would be immoral, to expect stable political conditions. If the Republican party is wise, it will not use its victory as an occasion for partisan government; if it does, its rule will be short and its end inglorious. If there is any statesmanship among its leaders, they will take this opportunity to make a searching examination into the causes of popular discontent, and they will frame legislation to remove them.

The real trouble in the country to-day is not financial but moral distrust. There is a very widespread skepticism, in the first place, with regard to the integrity of our State and local legislation. One has to travel but a very little way and talk with but very few people to hear the forcible expression of this feeling from men of all classes. We are now beginning to reap the rewards of having wickedly permitted the boss system to thrive, for the result of the boss system is to destroy the confidence of the voter in the independence and integrity of the men who go into office under the direction of a mercenary leader. It follows as a logical consequence that a boss is not only a bully in the sense that he destroys political independence, but also because, by the very

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necessities of his position, he levies illegal taxes on persons and organizations. It is common talk in this State that a great many corporations have paid large sums of money to the political boss of the State for the purpose of protecting their interests against what is known as "striking" legislation. It may not be true, but it is generally believed, that the boss of each party, as each has in turn become dominant in the State, has practically bought and sold legislation in this State as one would buy and sell groceries. This charge has not been made merely by evil speaking partisan newspapers; it has been made by reputable men; it is believed by reputable men; worse than this, it is believed by the average voter, and especially by the workingmen. The result is a loss of confidence in the independence and integrity of State legislation, and that is one of the worst calamities that can befall a community. It is a calamity which has not only befallen New York, but a great many other States in all parts of the country.

This feeling is especially dangerous among the workingmen, who have come to believe that they are practically powerless when large sums of money in any organized form are interested in specific legislation. The poor man has come to feel that he stands no chance against the rich man when his interests and the interests of the rich man are in collision, in a committee-room or before a State Legislature; he expects in every case that the corporation, the trust, or whatever organized form capital may take, will carry the day. This feeling may be very unjust, and it is undoubtedly exaggerated, but, unluckily, it has a sufficient basis of fact to give it point and volume and intensity; and it is an extremely dangerous feeling to develop in any class of men. When any body of men begin to feel that the law means one thing for them and another thing for their better-placed competitors, there is bred a cynical distrust of political institutions which is the first step toward revolution. It is a common thing in this country to hear it said that it is useless to fight the corporations in the Legislatures or before local Boards. So long as that remark is made the country is not safe; for no country is safe unless every man in it feels that his interests are absolutely secure against all encroachment.

There is, moreover, as part of this general distrust, a feeling throughout the country that the great political parties are neither honest nor independent; that they are under the control, to a very large extent, of organized money interests. This may or may not be true, but that the feeling is general no man can question who has traveled extensively throughout the country and conversed generally with different classes of voters. It is no exaggeration to say that neither of the great parties has to-day any profound moral hold on the confidence and conviction of the country at large. The two parties have been tolerated in turn; neither of them is wholly confided in. The Republican party went out of office because of the popular belief that its affiliation with moneyed interests had made it a capitalistic party. The Democratic party went into office because the voters generally believed that their interests would be safer in its hands, because it claimed to be the party of the people—the party, that is, which should consider the interests of the Nation at large rather than the interests of classes. But the Democratic party destroyed itself when, in dealing with the Wilson Tariff Bill, it appeared deliberately to sell out its principles to great moneyed interests in the very hour when, after years of waiting, it had the opportunity to put them into practice.

The Republican party has now gone back into power, not because the country implicitly trusts it, but because it distrusted still more some of the principles and some of the men who were arrayed against it. But the Republican party to-day, as every observer knows who does not allow his partisanship to make him absolutely blind, is in office on sufferance by a relatively small majority, made possible very largely by the vote of men who are not wholly in accord with it. If the Republican party is to remain in power, it must destroy, root and branch, the suspicion of its alliance with great money interests. Its salvation depends on its refusal to be a party to any kind of class legislation. The American voter is not an Anarchist, a Socialist, or a Radical of any kind; he has no antagonism to wealth as such; but he has the inherited English and American sense of political fairness; he expects exact and even-handed justice between man and man, and he will

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have it. If in the end he does not have it, he will destroy the machinery by which law is made, and put other machinery in its place.

In a democratic society nothing is so fatal as loss of confidence in parties and lawmakers. It is this loss of confidence which more than anything else lies at the basis of the present condition of affairs in this country. It is this loss of confidence which must be removed before there can be any return of substantial prosperity. It is well to face these facts. There are signs that a great many Republican leaders are facing them. Nothing but the most stupid partisanship can make any Republican leader blind to the situation. To destroy the boss system, root and branch; to send to our State Legislatures men who will care for the interests of all voters without respect to their differences in condition; and to ally political parties with the interests of the country and not with those of classes—these are the things which are to be done in the next four years if the discontent expressed at the polls last November is not to triumph in some more radical form.

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The Best Explanation

During one of those periods in his life when Mr. Beecher was the object of a great deal of vituperation and misrepresentation, he was asked why he did not defend himself. He answered: "There is no defense against mud-slinging but moving on. If I can go fast enough, the mud will dry and fall off." There was sound philosophy in this concrete illustration. The strongest movement is always the aggressive one. It is a great deal better to show your faith by your acts than to defend it; to make clear what you want to do by doing it than to attempt to explain it in advance. The men who are concerned to make their motives clear and to make everybody understand precisely what they are going to do are not the men who achieve the largest and most lasting results. In fact, the man who is supremely interested in his work and absorbed in accomplishing it cares only in a secondary way for the popular opinion about it. He is chiefly concerned to get it done. If one is thoroughly satisfied that he is doing the best thing in the best way, he can very confidently trust for his vindication to the final judgment of his friends and the public.

Criticism of incomplete things, whose purpose is not fully defined, is general, but it has no value. The people are few who wait to get at the facts before they make a judgment; their judgments are based on impressions from day to day. In one stage they condemn the new house, and in a later stage they approve of it. The architect would best serve himself and his client by putting his highest intelligence into the plan and then leave its accomplishment to justify his thought. In like manner, if a man has an aim in life and is conscientiously endeavoring to live up to it, he would better not trouble himself much about the opinions of others. Those opinions will change from time to time as people understand more or less what he is doing; but if his aims and motives are sound, the time will come when what he has done will throw light on his whole past and furnish the very best explanation of the things which have not been understood. It is the fate of statesmen to go through storms of obloquy and abuse because they are unable, for reasons of policy, to make public at all moments the grounds on which they are acting. A Prime Minister or a President must sometimes remain silent when a word would clear the whole situation. In like manner, every man who has a plan in his life must expect at times to be misunderstood, but he can afford to wait. He has, in the first place, the approval of his own conscience, which is the only supreme tribunal this side of God; and he has also the assurance that in the end people will discover what he has aimed at, and will recognize the purity of his motives.

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The Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged	$1,178 78
H., Rutherford, N. J	5 00
E. E. M., Boston, Mass	10 00
H. A. C. and C. E. C., Fergus Falls, Minn.	5 00
L. K., New York, N. Y	5 00
A. A. B., Cambridge, N. Y	10 00
To help some curable girls to Loomis Sanitarium	15 00
P. K., Brooklyn, N. Y	2 00
E. R. B	5 00
C. J. C., Greenwich, Conn	5 00
J. A. B., Malden, Mass	1 00
Jamaica, N. Y	1 00
J. S. T., Naugatuck, Conn	10 00
Total	$1,252 78

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The Spectator

A recent writer, whose name does not at this moment come to mind at the bidding, has divided the Christian, or at least the morally disposed, part of mankind into two classes, the good theorizers and the good practicers. It is an old division; those who "say and do not" have furnished the subject for at least one of the Gospel parables. But it came to mind on this wise: The Spectator was looking over a page or two of print, in which an acquaintance was sketching *con amore* a character of rare sweetness and patience as an examplar worthy of all imitation. But these were precisely the qualities in which the writer was deficient. Had one been obliged to think of cases of the most undignified and hasty petulance, abundance of them could have been furnished by this panegyrist of its opposite. Yet his encomiums upon the virtues which he lacked were none the less sincere and natural. Do we not all admire the achievement which baffles our effort? The boy stares open-mouthed at the performances of the acrobat. The surgery of the practiced hospital operator, the strategy of a masterly general, are a wonder to the inexperienced. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico:* mystery abuts upon miracle. This remark, however, does not reach the heart of the matter. Long before Juvenal wrote,

Virtue is praised and left out in the cold,

the fashion, still followed, had been set of making bows to God while serving devils.

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But the sort of character now in mind is not the decayed fruit to which the name of hypocrite is attached. Here is the young housewife, cook-book in hand, and wondering what is wanting to make the perfect cake that her mother baked. There is the boy who has memorized his rules in algebra, a-wondering how to state his equation, or to work out the value of x. The beginner in swimming or skating or bicycling is well up in theory, however down in practice. The Spectator charitably places in this class his acquaintance who eulogized the virtues in which he was lamentably deficient, through lack, probably, of the due effort to convert the theory of the thing into the knack of it. Knack! Is it not the secret of all art?

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Our psychological friends tell us that the nerve-cells of every child are at first a mere awkward squad, requiring long drill to make them properly align themselves, and react instantaneously in the right direction at the signal of command. Thus, under the will as drill-master, the scrawler of the first lesson in the copy-book, forming each letter with the laborious effort of concentrated attention, becomes the rapid writer with fingers working automatically, while the attention is set free to care only for the thoughts to be indited. Houdin, the juggler, tossing and catching balls, three or four of them in the air at a time, while reading aloud from a book, shows to what marvelous extent nature can be drilled into knack. Ask him for his theory of it, and he can only say, "Practice at it." Topsy's theory of her existence, "Spec's I growed," is, in fact, the true theory of the case. The brain-cells, whose nervous discharge produces such movements, have been made by constant practice to grow into the lines necessary for the movements.

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Undeniably this process is in certain lines slower and harder for some of us than for others. The Spectator is inclined to think that one difference between the genius and the ordinary man is a difference in the natural plasticity of the nerve-tissue, and its responsiveness in a given direction to the drilling and molding power of practice. One of the best of men remarked, "The old Adam is too strong for the young Melanchthon." One discovers in himself the refractory fiber of an ancestor, which only long soaking will soften somewhat, or the legacy of a semi-opaque tissue, which nothing that he can do will change from horn to glass. And so it seems that in certain lines some will have to be like the parrot who said, apologetically, that he could criticise better than he could sing; their theory will be better than their practice.

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But it is a serious question which remains, whether this difference must be admitted in the art of good conduct, as it is in other fine arts, such as music; whether patience and sweetness of temper must be classed with poetry, or accomplishments which, at least in the higher ranges, cannot become for everybody automatic. This the Spectator does not at all believe. High-pressure boilers will, no doubt, occasionally explode. Washington will now and then swear fiercely at damnable treason. For all that, the classification of men into theorizers and practicers in the school of good conduct is both fallacious and pernicious, if intended for what is more than temporary and evanescent in a process of discipline. The nerve-cells can be drilled as always to react under the stimulus of a provoking word with a soft answer rather than a rough, or with silence instead of spluttering. Moral knack is attainable by all who patiently practice for it. And to others the Spectator commends Oliver Cromwell's saying: "He who ceases to be better ceases to be good."

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General Francis A. Walker

The Man and the Economist

GENERAL Francis A. Walker, who died suddenly at his home in Boston on Tuesday, January 5, ıd probably attained high eminence more fields than any other Ameri- .n of this generation. As a soldier he as brevetted Brigadier-General before reached the age of twenty-five; as a atistician he reorganized the National ensus Bureau at the age of thirty, and ve to it a reputation of which Americans ıy justly be proud; as an educator he ised the Institute of Technology, as colleague has well said, "from a strug- ng technical school to a great scientific ıiversity;" and, finally, as a political onomist he was easily first among contemporaries in the impress he had le upon the scientific thought of the ld.

HIS LIFE

The narrative of General Walker's life ust begin with that of his father. In a ıy that is rare in the republic of think- s, General Walker was the inheritor of his ther's intellectual estate. His father, masa Walker, born in 1799, and educated a New England district school, became fore his death a teacher of political onomy to the economic professors of ıropean universities. Though success- in business in the city of Boston, he not become the victim of what George liam Curtis once called "that conserv- n of prosperity which narrows the science and chills the heart." Demo- ic in his sympathies, he championed e world of letters the convictions of ommon manhood of New England, he soundness of his heart was the nator of his judgment on questions cial justice. So far was his con- ience from being narrowed that he be- came a leader in the anti-slavery move- ment, a leader in the temperance move- ment, and—one might almost say—the leader of the international movement for peace. Of the first International Peace Congress, held in London in 1843, Amasa Walker was the President. General Walker's breadth of view and strength of human sympathies were his by inherit- ance.

Francis Amasa Walker was born in Boston, July 21, 1840. Three years later his father removed to North Brookfield, Mass., and it was in the public schools of that village that General Walker received his early education. He was graduated from Amherst in 1860, and began the study of law in the office of Senator Hoar at Wor- cester. When the war broke out, he en- listed as sergeant-major. His promotion was rapid. First he was made captain, then assistant adjutant-general on the staff of General Couch, and, later, adjutant-gen- eral on the staff of General Hancock. For distinguished bravery and coolness on the field of battle he received frequent mention in the dispatches of his superi- ors. At Chancellorsville he was wounded, and at Ream's Station was taken prisoner. He succeeded in making his escape, but was recaptured and confined in Libby Prison until exchanged, broken in health, near the close of the war. To the end of his life he remained instinctively a soldier. He once remarked to a friend that he never looked out over a stretch of country without considering its facilities as a place of battle. This soldierly feeling, however, in no way lessened his passion for peace. There was no public enemy he was so ready to fight as war itself.

From 1865 to 1868 he taught in Willis- ton Seminary, the well-known preparatory school at East Hampton, Mass. In the summer of 1868 he joined the staff of the "Springfield Republican." That journal now recalls him as "a slender, pale-faced, studious youth, who accounted it the proudest moment of his life when the late Samuel Bowles said to him, after some training, that he could be trusted to write leading editorials." In 1869 he became Deputy Special Com- missioner of Revenue under David A. Wells, and a little later was placed in charge of the work of the Ninth Federal Census. It was here that he first showed his splendid administrative abilities. The census of 1870 was virtually a new crea-

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tion. Ten years later he was again given charge of the census work, and again extended its scope and bettered its quality. During the interval between these two great undertakings for the National Government he had been made Professor of Political Economy and History at the Yale Scientific School. His abilities as a teacher equaled his abilities as an organizer, and in 1891 he was made President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where both of these abilities found a wide field of activity. President Dwight, of Yale, in speaking of General Walker's eight years' service in New Haven, said that his teaching always seemed "a labor of love." This was emphatically true. When he became President of the Institute of Technology, it was a somewhat narrow technical school. He at once broadened its curriculum by establishing a course of history and political economy. As a lecturer his manner was the furthest removed from that of the typical pedagogue. When he got fairly into his subject he talked rapidly and even excitedly, often walking about the floor in entire unconsciousness that it was school-boys he was addressing, or else in the true teacher's consciousness that an audience of boys was as well worth converting as any audience he could have. If an orator, as Mr. Bryan declares, is any man who "says what he thinks and feels what he says," President Walker was an orator in his class-room. His enthusiasm naturally communicated itself to the least responsive of those who heard him. As President his popularity was in proportion to his intellectual democracy. He respected the students and cared for what they thought, and they naturally loved him and revered the superiority he was so far from assuming. Under President Walker's administration the Massachusetts Institute of Technology became the largest scientific school in this country, and one of the largest in the world. There are now 1,500 students, 125 professors, and an endowment of $1,500,000. What is even more an accomplishment of President Walker's ambitions, the school has now a broad curriculum for the education of well-rounded men and women.

General Walker leaves a wife and five children, one of whom is a recent graduate of the School of Political Science at Columbia, and the writer of a thesis on the double taxation of property which gives promise that for a third generation the name Walker will remain an honored one among American political economists

HIS ECONOMIC WORK

In the above summary of General Walker's life no mention has been made of his economic works, yet it was through these that his international influence was established. His first great work was on "The Wages Question," published in 1876. His book on "Money" followed in 1878, and his general "Political Economy" appeared in 1883. Besides these he has published two or three economic text-books—one of which, if we remember rightly, is used in both Oxford and Cambridge; a criticism of Henry George entitled "Land and Its Rent," and a book distinctively upon "International Bimetallism," published last year. His first work made, perhaps, the profounder impression upon economic thought—or better, it made the greatest alteration in the conventional economic creed. Political economy, before the appearance of "The Wages Question," deserved the name of "the dismal science" largely because an artificially constructed "wage fund" theory had become the basis of its deductions. According to this theory a rigid fund was regularly set apart by capital for the payment of wages. The average wage was merely the quotient obtained by the dividing of this fund by the number of these laborers. This dogma, of course, lent itself to the Malthusian belief that wages could not be increased except by diminishing the number of laborers. It is dangerous to define the wage-fund theory, as there is now a school of orthodox economists disposed to deny that their orthodox predecessors ever taught the doctrines which made Walker's "Wages Question" and the cognate part of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" seem iconoclastic. We do not care to enter into the discussion of a dead issue. It is enough to know that when General Walker laid down and sustained the thesis that wages were paid out of current production, and that labor created its own payment as it went along, this doctrine was received as an attack and finally accepted as a refutation of the wage-fund

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theory currently taught. The new doctrine was as important in its political as in its economic bearings. The orthodox economists had constantly emphasized the dependence of labor upon capital. General Walker in no way disputed the interdependence of these forces, but showed that labor was the force of primary importance. Historically it had preceded capital, and to-day it could create wealth without the aid of capital, while capital could create nothing without the aid of labor. Being paid, not out of a rigid fund set apart from capital, but out of the value of what it produced with the aid of capital, labor had a right to organize to secure favorable terms. General Walker believed as fully as any one that ultimately the highest interests of all classes were one, but he had as little patience as Lincoln with the notion that any class could be trusted to secure the interests of a class dependent upon it as well as its own. He not only championed the organization of labor, but on one occasion declared that a "vigorous self-assertion" on the part of the working classes was necessary to social well-being.

General Walker's book on "Money" deals with questions which are still "burning." Macaulay once said that the law of gravitation would still be controverted if it interfered with vested interests. Some of General Walker's doctrines do interfere with vested interests, and final judgment cannot be passed upon them while the controversy rages. It may at least be observed, however, that the bimetallic doctrine—of which he, next to Cernuschi, was the most distinguished advocate—has steadily made headway in the scientific world until to-day all of the most distinguished professors of political economy in the universities of Great Britain accept his main contentions. This book of General Walker, as well as the "Political Economy" which succeeded it, was notable for the strength with which it employed the historical as opposed to the deductive method of ascertaining economic truth, and also for the great fairness with which it stated the position of opponents. The ability to see and state his opponents' positions was one of the elements which enabled him to select his own with discrimination. His book upon "Money" has been attacked because it classifies paper money as true money. This position has been assailed as "Populistic" by the very classes which have recently insisted that bank checks—promising to pay any kind of currency—are satisfactorily supplying the world's need of an increase in the quantity of money. General Walker's proverb, "Money is that money does," bids fair to obtain universal acceptance. His definition of money has certainly been accepted as the authoritative one by the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Although General Walker was an earnest and thoroughgoing bimetallist, it is well known that during the late political campaign he vigorously and outspokenly opposed the free coinage of silver by the independent action of the Government of the United States. While his bimetallic views on the one hand brought upon him the bitter criticism of some of the radical and uncompromising advocates of a single gold standard—such, for example, as the New York "Nation"—on the other hand his opposition to Mr. Bryan and the free-coinage party was a disappointment to many who looked to him for arguments in favor of the use of silver as money, and his position was vigorously condemned by them. What his ground, so much misunderstood, really was is best indicated by the following plain yet sympathetic letter written to a well-known advocate of free coinage in New York City last September:

Dear ——:

On my return to my office, after a ten weeks' absence, I found your letter of June 29 awaiting me.

I cannot agree with you in your views regarding action by the United States alone in the free coinage of silver. I deeply feel all that you say regarding the wrong and injury which the world has suffered from the effects of demonetization; but I believe that any attempt at national action will simply make matters worse. In my humble judgment, if we should undertake free coinage, we should speedily come to silver monometallism.

Are you not, as is the case with most of us, insensibly influenced by the feeling that, if there is, anywhere in the universe, a wrong, there must be some way of righting it? So, in the olden time, people used to say that "nature abhorred a vacuum;" but it was found that nature only abhorred a vacuum of about thirty-three feet in the case of water, and of about as many inches in the case of

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mercury. To-day most minds are greatly influenced by the idea that the moral universe abhors a wrong, in the sense that, if a wrong exists, there must be at hand the means of righting it. In the present case, people ask you if there is any other way of remedying the injustice done by demonetization; and, if you cannot show such a way, then they appear to think that action by the United States alone is thereby proved to be justified. For myself, I have to believe that wrongs may exist and persist, in this universe of ours, without our being able to attack them *directly*, except at the risk of doing more harm than good. If the proposition of the silver men were founded upon a rising scale, coining, say, at 25 to 1, and then at 20 to 1, and finally at 16 to 1, I should be disposed to think that the possibly evil consequences would be much mitigated, even if the chances of ultimate success were not greatly increased.

I am sorry to differ so widely from you on any economic question, as I have great confidence, not only in your right feeling, but in your right thinking, in general. But I can see no other prospect before us, if Bryan should be elected, than a panic, to start with, which would wreck both the commercial and industrial system on the track, involving a horrible waste of wealth and labor; and, in the final outcome, silver monometallism.

Very truly yours,

FRANCIS A. WALKER.

Boston, September 11, 1896.

HIS PERSONALITY

This letter was typical of the man—of his conservatism, of his liberalism, and, above all, of his courtesy. The recipient of this letter did not accept General Walker's view, but he remained none the less an ardent admirer of the man. And, after all, it is the man, General Walker, rather than the economist, whom we all care for. We of The Outlook who knew him but slightly feel this, and those who knew him intimately have sustained a deep personal loss. Of his personal qualities we shall not attempt to speak, but instead publish a letter received by a member of our staff from one of General Walker's Boston friends:

"We have taken him," says our correspondent, "as one of the things 'granted' here in Boston, like the air and the water and the Common and Edward Everett Hale, without stopping to think how elemental he was in our life, and how much we used him and admired him. He was as grave as a crusader and as sensitive as a woman, sympathetic always, and loving and needing sympathy, loving society and in it so much that one wonders when he did his stupendous amount of work. His industry, his attention to detail, the variety of his interests and capacities, were amazing. He gave himself to everything—one wondered how he did it. It was surprising enough to me when recently he took the Presidency of the Trustees of the Public Library, at a time when it meant so much revolutionizing work; but he did it, and he had just told Mayor Quincy he would organize the new City Statistical Department which the Mayor has proposed. He was not a radical man, was a frequent and sharp critic of socialism; but his economic work was all inspired by warm popular sympathy. He hated the tyranny of wealth, and you should hunt up his letters to the 'Evening Post' last October to see how he criticised it for its lack of bowels and utter failure to understand and do credit to the forces which created the Bryan movement. I spent an hour with him in his room at that time, and he paced his floor like a tiger as he talked about it, his eyes flaming fire, striking the table in the energy of his feeling. He talked for an hour and a half before our Twentieth Century Club hardly a week before election—a burning torrent of facts and eloquence, which we felt could have continued to flow just as powerfully till morning. Every shade of political feeling was represented, but there was not a single person, even in that excited time, who was not lost in admiration at his knowledge and his grasp, and his infinite superiority to any consideration of any impending election. He loved truth, he loved justice, he loved Boston and his old New England country home, he loved his friends, he loved his fellow-workers, loved his students and young men, loved the society of bright women, loved America and mankind, loved work—and loved all passionately. How he hated jingoism—this soldier! We rode down to Plymouth together, to hear Senator Hoar's oration, just when the Venezuela excitement was precipitated a year ago, and the newspapers and Congressmen were all rampant. I sat in the seat with him almost the whole way, and I shall never forget his denunciations of war, and the men who recklessly encourage it."

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The Theology of an Evolutionist

III.—The Problem of Sin

By Lyman Abbott

THE problem of sin is not to be confounded with the fact of sin. As to the fact there is no room for question. All the great dramatists have recognized it, in their portrayal of remorse, indignation, penalty, repentance, forgiveness, restoration. The great historians have recognized it, in depicting the struggle of righteousness with moral evil. Religious worship is largely founded upon it; for religious worship is largely an endeavor of the worshiper to rid himself of the present burden and the future penalty of sin. All government recognizes it; for certainly the first if not also the chief function of government is to protect the innocent from the sins of the sinful. He who denies the fact of sin denies the police and the prison, the temple and the priest, the battle-field and the martyrdom, Shakespeare and Æschylus. The problem is not, Is there sin? but, Whence comes it? If we are to cure a disease, we must know its nature and origin. What is the nature and origin of sin, the cure of which is alike the problem of government, education, and religion, of the courts, the school, and the church?

To this question there are two answers —the theological and the evolutionary. The theological is that God created man perfect, that man fell by voluntary transgression of the law which God imposed upon him, and that in consequence of that fall sin entered the world and poisoned the entire race, in one of three ways —for on this point theologians are not agreed: either because the whole race was *in* Adam as the oak is in the acorn, and sinned with him; or because the whole race was represented by Adam and is held responsible for his act, much as is a nation for the acts of its representatives; or because the whole race descended from Adam and inherited, by the law of heredity, his sinful nature from him.

The evolutionary answer to this question, What is Sin? it is the object of this article to give.

Man is an animal—about that there can be no question—a vertebrate animal, belonging to the class mammal, and by most scientists reckoned in the family of apes. And he has ascended from a lower animal. Whether the whole human race has so ascended is not absolutely certain—the so-called missing link has not been discovered—the fossil man is far removed from the highest ape. But, wherever the race came from as a race, there is absolutely no question that every individual of the race has passed through animal stages in reaching manhood. Embryology has established beyond all question, so far as accurate, scientific, microscopic examination can establish anything, that all animals begin in germs so absolutely alike that the finest microscope can detect no difference, and in proceeding from this germ each individual passes through successive stages of animal life. Whether the race did or not, each individual man does. He originates in a form nowise different from that of the fish, frog, bird, dog, and ape, depends upon the same contrivances for his nutrition and development in the earlier stages of his existence, passes through the successive forms of lower orders, is at one period of his existence in nowise distinguishable from the earlier form of the dog, a little later does not differ from that of the ape, and so proceeds from one state to another until he is born a human child. When the minister whose acquaintance with theology is greater than his acquaintance with science asserts that the notion that man has ascended from a lower order is pure imagination, he speaks without knowledge. The origin of the race is a matter of hypothesis; not so the origin of the individual. He is known to be derived from a germ indistinguishable from that of the lower animals. The process of his development is seen and known, not imagined.

We are animals, and we ascended from lower animals. Whether we like the fact

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or not, it is a fact. But we are more than animals. We all know that fact, too. There is a great gap between manhood and brutehood. It is shown by language, which no brutes use in any perfection approximating that of man. It is shown in tools, which animals do not to any extent employ. It is shown in the largeness of reasoning power, which immeasurably exceeds all reasoning power of animals. It is shown in the apparently illimitable development possible in man, while animal development halts at a clearly marked line. It is shown, above all, in the moral and spiritual nature of man—in his independent conscience, in his clear perception of right and wrong, in his sense of the infinite and the eternal, in his worship. Practically it may be said that there is no race of men on the face of the globe that has not something akin to worship, and no race of animals that has.

Man, then, is an animal, and has ascended from a lower animal, but is something immeasurably more than an animal. How did he get this something more? At what stage in his existence was it implanted in him? In what way? On this point the Church has never agreed. Theologians have been divided in opinion into four schools, giving four separate answers to this question. The first is creationism—the doctrine that into every man, at some stage of his existence, presumptively at the time of his birth, God, by a miraculous or supernatural act, implants the divine spirit. The second is traducianism—the doctrine that at some period in the history of the human race God breathed the breath of divine life into some remote ancestor, and that the race has inherited that breath of life throughout all subsequent ages. The third is evolutionism—the doctrine that this higher life of man, this moral, this ethical, this spiritual nature, has been developed by natural processes, as the higher physical phases of life have been developed by natural processes. The fourth is conditional immortality—the doctrine that the spiritual nature is developed and made dominant in men only as by faith they lay hold on God, and that there are men upon the earth who to all intents and purposes are but little higher than the animals, and will sink back into the animal and finally become extinct. Whichever of these views one holds, he may still hold that man is two men. He may think that the divine element is implanted in each individual at birth, or he may think that it was implanted in some individual at a certain point in the race development and has since been inherited by all his posterity, or he may think that it is implanted by a special act of divine grace, not in all individuals, but only in a certain elect circle—those whom God chooses, or those who choose to accept it—or he may believe that it comes through evolutionary process, growing gradually out of that which is not spiritual; but, whichever theory of its origin he entertains, he may be sure that this spiritual life exists to-day. We have the spiritual life—the life of conscience, faith, hope, love. On this fact religion is based; it does not depend on the question where this spiritual life came from, or at what point in the development of the race or the individual it began to appear. For religion has to do with what is and what is to be. It leaves science to deal with the past.

The evolutionist, then, no less than the creationist, believes that every man is two men. He believes that God made man out of the dust of the earth—that is, out of a lower order. Yes! even out of inorganic matter. He believes this none the less because he thinks he can trace, in imagination, the process by which during a long course of ages the preparations were made for the perfection of the animal man, and because he knows that he can trace by observation the process by which the individual animal man is gradually formed out of a germ indistinguishable from that of other animals. He believes no less than the creationist that God breathes into man the breath of a divine life. He believes this none the less because he thinks he can trace the process by which reason is developed out of instinct, and patience out of passivity, and sympathy out of imagining the troubles of others, and carefulness out of parental instinct, and conscience out of approbativeness, and honesty and honor out of self-interest.[1] In short, he believes that develop-

[1] See Drummond's "Ascent of Man," Chapter VIII., and Darwin's "Expression of Emotions in Man and Animals," *passim*.

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ment is a divine process as firmly as the creationist believes that creation is a divine process, and no less divine because it is gradual.

When this higher life is breathed into man —whether by an instant act or a gradual process is, religiously speaking, a matter of indifference—man comes under the law of the higher life. This law always is sovereign whenever, in the process of evolution, the lower passes into a higher stage of life. When the inorganic is taken up into the plant and made vegetable, it becomes subject to the law of vegetable life, and if it does not obey the law of vegetable life it sinks back into the inorganic—that is, it dies. When the vegetable is taken into the animal the vegetable becomes animal—that is, it becomes subject to the law of animal life. The cow does not become grass, but the grass becomes cow, and, being cow, becomes part of the animal existence and subject to the laws of animal life; and if the laws of animal life are not obeyed, that which was life sinks back into the inorganic again—that is, it dies. Similarly, when, in the process of development, man rises out of the animal stage and becomes a man, when he comes into the condition in which he knows the moral truth, and sees it, and is conscious of it, he comes under the law of the moral life, as the inorganic taken into the vegetable comes under the law of the vegetable, as the vegetable taken into the animal comes under the law of the animal. The human, the moment it passes the invisible boundary line and becomes human, comes under the law of the human—that is, under the law of God, under the law of right and wrong. Moral law is dependent, therefore, upon moral development. What is right in one stage of development becomes wrong when the individual has passed into a higher stage of development. The law of the animal is superseded by the law of the spiritual. This fact we all recognize. Gluttony is sin in a man; it is not sin in a hog. The more the hog eats and the fatter he gets, the better the breed. That is what he is for. It is not wrong for a bee to spend all his life in hiving honey for others to have when he is dead and gone. But men are made for something better, and if a man spends all his energy in heaping up millions for others to get when he is gone, he has dropped back into the conditions of the hive. It is not wicked for a bulldog to fight. The more pugnacious he is, the better bulldog he is. But it is wrong for a man to fight, save as the combative faculties are directed by conscience, and for noble ends. Prize-fighting is legitimate among bulldogs, but not among men. It is right for a peacock to spread his tail that everybody may admire him. A peacock is not a sinner, but a "dude" is. Thus, as men rise from the lower plane into the state in which they become conscious of moral law, they come under that moral law. We come to Mount Sinai when we come to the sense of right and wrong. Violation of this law is sin, and sin is fall, and fall is fall downward, not upward.

Did Adam fall six thousand years ago? I do not know, and—I desire to say it reverently—I do not care. Certainly if I found the story of a garden with fruit which, if a man ate, would make him immortal, and other fruit which, if he ate, would give him a consciousness of good and evil, with a serpent which talked to him, and with a God who walked in the garden, and from whom the man attempted to hide—if I found that in Greek, or Roman, or Hindu, or Norse literature, I would say, That is beautiful fable; I wonder what truth I can find in it. And I do not see any reason why, finding it in Hebrew literature, we should not say, That is beautiful fable; I wonder what truth is in that fable. Does that deny inspiration? No. Truth is more than fact, and God uses the imagination and the fancy as well as the historical faculty to reveal truth to us. Whether Adam fell six thousand years ago or not I do not know; but this I know—I have fallen. Every time my appetite has gotten the better of my reason, every time my passion has surged beyond my control, every time I have cared more for the opinion of my fellow-men than I have cared for righteousness and honor and truth, every time I have been more eager to get than to bestow—every such time I have fallen back into some kind of an animal; perhaps it was the bulldog, perhaps the peacock—but into some sort of remaining animal that was in me. I have fallen back. And that fall was not a fall upward.

We cannot grow from innocence to

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virtue without temptation, and we cannot know temptation without a possibility of sin—that is, of yielding to temptation. Sin is not a means to good. It is not a help in development; it is a hindrance. But temptation is a help; an indispensable means. The progress of moral development is from innocence to virtue, through temptation; for virtue is victory over temptation. An untempted soul may be innocent, but cannot be virtuous, for virtue is the choice of right when wrong presses itself upon us and demands our choosing. How can we have courage unless there is danger, and apprehension of the danger? How can we have patience unless there are burdens to be borne and a desire to remove the burdens? How can we have fidelity unless there is some trust to be maintained, and some temptation calling on us to leave the trust and be false to it? The scorn of goody-goody is justified; for goody-goody is innocence, not virtue; and the boy who never does anything wrong because he never does anything at all is of no use in the world. Temptation is struggle, and virtue emerges from struggle. And we cannot have the choice of right without the possibility of doing wrong; and choosing wrong is sin; and sin is fall; because it is choosing the animal from which we are emerging rather than the spiritual condition into which we have partially emerged.

Does this take away the reality—the awful reality—of sin, or remove it from our consciousness? It brings sin closer to our consciousness and makes it more real. A familiar story may illustrate this: The elder Dr. Tyng was very fond of children. He was preaching one Sunday in his Sunday-school room to his children. He was not an evolutionist; he lived before the doctrine of evolution was known; and as he was a very orthodox clergyman, it is not probable that he would have been an evolutionist if it had been known. Nevertheless he was preaching evolution without knowing it. He said to the children: "There is the serpent, who goes in sinuous, crooked ways—that is the liar; there is the hog, who eats and eats, and cares not for anything but eating—that is the glutton; there is the little boy or girl who likes to pass before the glass and see how beautiful he or she is—that is the peacock; and there is the passionate child who cannot control his temper and flames out on every provocation—that is the tiger." When he had finished his sermon he took his hymn-book and announced the hymn, and the children started not all together, and his face flushed up, and he struck the book a blow, and cried out, "Stop! stop! stop!" and a little girl back in the room, standing on the pew, reached forward, and, pointing her finger, called out, "Tiger!" Dr. Tyng laid down his book, walked down the aisle, and took the little girl in his arms. He loved little children. No girl would have come to his arms under those circumstances if she had not known his love. He brought her back to the platform, and, holding her in his arms, he said, "Children, she has told the truth; I have been fighting the tiger all my life, and I have not got control of him yet; do not let the tiger get control over you." If a minister who is orthodox of the orthodox desires to bring home to children the fact of sin, and a little girl understands the preaching and has it brought home to her, and the preacher is preaching evolution, is it not right to say that the doctrine of evolution does not take away the consciousness of sin?

It brings that consciousness nearer. The origin of sin does not lie in remote history. Sin is not a strange, mystic fact. Every man is two men—a divine man and a human man, an earthly man and a superearthly man; he is linked to the lower, out of which he is emerging; he is linked to the upper, toward which he is tending. We carry the animal with us. When we indulge our appetite, or our greed, or our covetousness, or our pride, or our vainglory, or our selfishness, we are falling back into the animal, from which we are not yet emerged. Every man is two men—a centaur, part animal, part man. Some have almost outgrown the animal, and some have a very small man's head on a very large beast's body.

"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" I have read a tragic story of a Russian prisoner working in the mines chained to a fellow-prisoner who died, and for forty-eight hours he remained in that mine chained to a corpse. So Paul says of himself, I am chained to a corpse: who

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shall deliver me from this dead body? One may be an evolutionist, he may believe that the individual emerged from a lower animal, he may believe the whole race has emerged from a lower animal condition, and yet he may believe that in this emergence every individual comes under divine law, and that every violation of that divine law is a sin, and every sin is a falling back into the animal condition, and the only hope of himself and the only hope of the race is in the power that shall lift him up and out of his lower self into his higher, truer, nobler self, until he shall be no longer a son of the animal, but in very truth a son of God.

The Fate of an Ex-President

A Possibility

By Condit Crane

IN the early part of the twentieth century Ralph Swayne was elected President of the United States on a Coalition ticket, with Anti-Monopoly as the essence, and various radical fads as the minor constituents of its platform. Swayne was a young man who had barely attained the constitutional qualification of age. His prominence was mainly due to the fiery aggressiveness of his character, exhibited as it had been for ten years at the hustings and on the lecture-stage, in a bitter fight for that universal change which he was pleased to call reform. For the rest, he was a lawyer of good standing, though independent of his practice through ancestral fortune; one who had many friends from a certain sweetness of disposition, and many enemies from a candor not at all discreet.

Of course during the campaign Swayne was lauded as a statesman and denounced as a demagogue; but, owing to that normal misinformation regarding candidates which is inculcated by the fulsomeness of biographies and sustained by the exaggerations of the press, one deficiency in the man escaped notice. He was absolutely without business experience, and, though capable of formulating abstruse financial theories, as inept in the care of money as a child.

Swayne's administration was not generally regarded as successful. Coalitions rarely outlast the bridging of the crisis which provoked them. He was soon a man without a party, and with a Congress contemptuously hostile. The country was unusually prosperous, and so the evils shrank against which he had fought. At all events, none of his predictions had come to pass, and yet all of his proposed remedies had been repudiated. And so the people at large grew indifferent to him.

Swayne's enemies, however, were not neutral. He had led them a merry dance, with the piper looking to them for payment. He was too young and vigorous not to be reckoned with as a private citizen. During the early part of his term a coterie of capitalists made indirect overtures to him, whereby he might gain a "pot of money" without in any wise compromising his official position. The apathy with which he ignored the bait revealed him as an irreconcilable who must be either endured or crushed. Now, endurance is a culpable weakness peculiar to the poor.

It came about during the latter half of Swayne's administration that there was a growing distrust of him in conservative circles. Such a sentiment, if manufactured, was not hard to create. The man in his winged utterances had often been impulsive, like every orator advocating for effect what his judgment would condemn as imprudent. The resignation of his Secretary of the Treasury, too, gave rise to sinister rumors. And then it was whispered that the President had lost the bulk of his fortune through the blind obstinacy with which he had clung to ancestral investments. The minor detail that the coterie of capitalists had assisted by wrecking two railways and a bank was not even mentioned.

At this time the civil service of the Nation was absolutely non-partisan; and so Swayne, had he possessed the tact, could not have strengthened himself through patronage. In the selection of

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his Cabinet he had adopted but had not followed Lincoln's example. He had chosen his rivals as advisers, but had failed to make them friends. Indeed, the resignation of the Secretary of the Treasury, already referred to, had been due to a private difference, though that crafty politician suffered the impression to go forth that he had opposed the incendiary designs of his chief. As for the other members, they remained, but sullenly; envying Swayne for his pre-eminence, belittling him for his youth, and hating him for his independence.

Congress, as has been said, was never of the President's political faith—if well-meaning vagaries could be thus dignified. Most men would have accepted the inevitable, and, realizing that they could not force their nostrums, would not have tried. But Swayne was not so judicious: he continually besieged the two Houses with messages not always couched in diplomatic phrase; and even at receptions he could not refrain from pointed questions and one-sided debates. These peculiarities isolated him from those friendships which Presidents make and find of use in their future careers.

Little Mrs. Swayne was pretty, vivacious, and well accustomed to entertain. The White House was unusually gay under her mistress-ship. And yet Swayne's integrity was so uncomfortably acute that he refuse to avail himself of such contingencies as extra servants, flowers from the Government hot-houses, the Marine Band, etc., which had long since been at the command of the Chief Executive. There was a principle involved which must be maintained; and yet it never occurred to him that in living beyond his means he was violating another of greater importance. For Swayne had never considered either his means or his living.

From all these singularities, it happened that when Swayne passed from the Presidency into private life, he was not only unpopular but feared; with few friends, and those passive through his rigor; with many enemies, and those active through his indifference; without wealth, and yet unfitted to either comprehend or withstand poverty. What, then, was to be the fortune of the first citizen of the land?

Swayne came to New York City and opened a law office. People who didn't know shrugged their shoulders, and said, "Oh, he'll be a billionaire in a few years." Had they given the matter further consideration, the style of his living would have been proof positive of this prosperity; for he had an exalted idea of the obligations of his dignity, and his wife had even a greater one. Thus he had taken a fine house, which was furnished and conducted with all that lavish disregard of detail natural to those accustomed to say "come" and "go" and meet with implicit obedience.

Swayne's conception of the duties which his high office had imposed entered into his professional life. To his mind, an ex-President should neither squabble nor dicker; he might address a Court, yes, but on some weighty constitutional or international issue; for the rest, he should be a counselor, studying out, in the quiet of his library, the equities of vast interests.

But, as may be surmised, vast interests did not seek the ex-President. Even without the manufactured distrust, it was natural that they should not. The man's qualifications, as exhibited before his candidacy, had shown as flamboyant; he had been a pleader, an advocate, one fitted to move juries and lead witnesses. Was there any reason why vast interests should place themselves at the disposal of his positive inexperience and probable rashness? Yes, there was one sufficient reason, and that Swayne promptly repudiated. It became known that he had returned several large retainers on the assumption that his services had been sought for the influence of his name; and thereafter no large retainers were proffered. If men will be quixotic, they may ride away by themselves.

Power is a dangerous gift; its continuance leads to madness, its cessation to debility. It insidiously perverts the normal view, teaching its possessor that he is an exception, and that what might happen to the ordinary individual can never come to him. It may be said that Swayne should have at once perceived his condition and have done something to avert its consequences. Would a former President of the United States, one who had creditably decided domestic and foreign questions of vital import, fail to appreciate

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that he was running behind? Preposterous! And yet such was his insensibility, and it was so natural as to be inevitable.

Swayne had no business instinct; he had deposited money when received, he had drawn it out when wanted, and there had always been a sufficiency. Thus he had come to regard it as he did the air or the sunlight—as something commensurate to his needs. He was, moreover, tenacious of purpose; to this attribute he owed his past success, and was not that dazzling enough to sweep away all shadow of failure? In his mind's eye, he himself was ever an imposing figure, delivering an inaugural address or receiving embassies in the East Room. Why should he not have a superstitious faith in his star? An old nurse had predicted many great fortunes for him; before his years were half spent the greatest of them all had come to him. Remember that this man, though in some respects wise, and in more respects learned, was in no respect prudent. That is a qualification which is rarely acquired before forty, save through hardship. Verily, that old nurse would have done better by Swayne had she given his infantile nose an aquiline twist.

Little Mrs. Swayne, on her wedding-day, had been a sweet, unassuming girl, whose ambition culminated in a bow-window and an upstairs dining-room. During the succeeding years her only development had been in ideas, and those had progressed geometrically. Is it any wonder, then, that her head was turned by her husband's career, and that if events lost their proportion to him, they became mere mirages to her? Consequently she conducted her New York home as she had the White House: she rang the bell and ordered. Tradespeople were honored to serve an ex-President, the more so since they found that their bills were never examined. True, they were not paid either; but then there was no sense in hurrying the great; the only way was to make such additions as to cover compound interest. And so there was waste up-town and rust down-town.

One day there was a quiet sensation in financial circles. It was rumored that a judgment had been entered against ex-President Swayne. The commercial agencies confirmed the report, with the particular that the claim was for groceries and amounted to $1,100. That satisfaction of this judgment was recorded the following day had no effect in stifling indignant comment. "Disgraceful!" muttered one magnate. "The man must be crazy!" protested another. While the coterie of capitalists chimed: "What did we tell you? He is devoid of all responsibility."

Troubles now pressed tumultuously on Swayne. That judgment, which had been taken only because he had miscalculated the day when it could be entered, was the signal for a grand assault along the line of his indebtedness. There was a volley of bills; there was a Chinese din of duns. When he sought his bank for accommodation, the president eyed him severely. "We should have been proud a month ago," that worthy explained; "but under the circumstances"—and he shook his Jove-like head. As the poor ex-President hurried away, bewildered by the impossibility of such a man as himself being thus spoken to, he overheard this whispering from the eager-eyed clerks: "They say Swayne is on Queer Street," said one. "I should think so, indeed," sneered another; "why, he doesn't pay his vegetable-man." "Ah, that's the last stage!" mused a third; "why, even a dead roast looks after his table."

Of course an ex-President, however reserved he may have been, has some acquaintances who feel grateful to him. There was a meeting of a few such former associates of Swayne's, with the result that a committee called on him with the proffer of a loan of $10,000. The old fire returned to the man's eyes; his port swelled majestically. "I know of no reason why I should permit such an intrusion into my private affairs," he replied, frigidly; "and I cannot but regard it as an impertinence." Hardly had the door closed on the wrathful delegation—one and all engrossed with shaking the dust from their feet—when through the rear entrance there advanced a creditor bootmaker, obsequious, incredulous, and abusive in turn, as he learned the astounding news that an ex-President could not pay his personal debts. As the last notes of Crispin defiance died from the landing without, Swayne sat at his desk with his face on his arms.

To say that little Mrs. Swayne was

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overwhelmed by the rush of disasters only reveals the paucity of speech. In a day she was swept adrift from the moorings whereby her amiability had been secured. First, the ice-man refused to leave his wares. Next, the gas-man made a stern trip to the cellar with a wrench. Then the servants in a body, with an oratorical butler at their head, presented their demands, or, in lieu thereof, their warnings. And, as a culmination of woe, a Sheriff's officer rang the bell so persistently that the poor woman was forced to answer, and thus learn that he purposed making a levy on the household effects. Is it any wonder that when Swayne returned home a white-lipped, wild-eyed creature met him with the shrieking inquiry, "What does all this mean?"

"It means, my dear," said Swayne, gently, "that we are poor. Our expenses have been too heavy for us; we must go elsewhere and economize until I can get on my feet again. But I am sure that we shall still be happy together."

"But my things; they have no right to take my things!"

"I fear that you have no right to them. I cannot conscientiously say that I gave them to you; though I fully intended—"

"Fully intended? And you would let your own wife be robbed for a scruple? What manner of man are you? Once President of the United States, and yet unable to pay your bills! Where are your friends? Won't any of them help you?"

"I had the offer of a loan of $10,000 to-day," replied Swayne, slowly; "but I'm sure you'll agree with me that I could not consistently accept it when my future is so doubtful—"

"Don't speak to me; don't come near me!" cried little Mrs. Swayne, shrinking from him; "I'm afraid to live with a man who is such a mammoth fool. Think of what you were and what you are! What will people say? Oh, I am half distracted! Stand aside; I'm going to my father. At least he will care enough for me to keep me from the street!"

Again Swayne sat with his head on his arms as he heard the footsteps of the woman whom he had raised to the highest position in the land on the stairs, on the stoop, on the pavement below; as he waited in vain for their echoes to break the silence of loneliness.

Swayne's awakening was unto despair. There was a horror on him—the horror of possible dishonesty. He ruthlessly reviewed his career, recalling how hard and high he had been in his pretensions, never admitting an excuse for a foible, never making an allowance for human weakness. He had raised himself on a tower of impeccability only to fall headlong into a ditch where beggars were groveling. Not for one instant did he consider the chance of saving anything; his sole determination was to prove to the world that whatever he had sown he would uncomplainingly reap. With such a debtor, creditors have a swift and easy time. There were no answers to complaints; no affidavits in opposition to attachments. In a few days the house up-town was vacant and in an agent's hands; the office down-town, with its futile library and more futile goodwill, had gone to those who were attorneys in fact as well as at law; and Swayne was a wanderer on the face of the earth, without a cent in his pocket, and devoid of possessions save the clothes on his back.

So bewildering in its rapidity was this transition that those who heard rumors regarding it refused at first to give them credence. Then with confirmation came conjecture. People said that there must be something wrong; the man was a defaulter, or involved in some dreadful social scandal. Hadn't his poor wife been forced to leave him? An honesty which was at the same time uncompromising and impracticable was a solution too alien to the age to be considered. So there was the suspense of incredulity and doubt, while all the motive-seekers in town were on the scent.

Swayne also was bewildered, as if from a fall or a bludgeon's blow. It seemed as if, in the mad haste with which he had stripped himself, he had torn away his main characteristics. The successes of the past, the dignity acquired from his mighty office, the firmness which had been adamant against loss or gain—all these were as empty as the visions of a dream in comparison with the enthralling sense of shame. The man, whose eye had been

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as clear and fearless as a falcon's, skulked, shunning the light of day. Perhaps other natures, which now seem so strong and self-reliant, would also prove to have been dependent on circumstances, were all the requirements of life, together with the consolations of love, suddenly swept away. Many a hero is sustained by bulk rather than by strength!

One night Swayne trudged aimlessly through the streets. He was hungry; he was weary; he had no place to lay his head; and did he but lean against a railing, he encountered some policeman's gruff "Move on." An ex-President of the United States had become a suspicious character! And, indeed, none of that sanctity which doth encompass a Ruler was apparent. The man was unshaven and ragged; his hat hid his face far better than his shoes did his feet. And his bearing responded to his dress. After all, is not dignity a matter of tailor measurements? How shriveled an atomy was Louis XIV., for instance, when Thackeray had pulled off his regalia!

Swayne shuffled along, unnoticing and unnoticed, a private in the vast army of misfortune which ceaselessly marches through but does not occupy a great city. The merciful apathy of privation permeated him—he was in the world, but not of it—as if he were a shade shut out from both heaven and hell. And yet, from the din, there once and again came a note like an echo from a forgotten life. What was it that the newsboys were crying that in some way seemed to touch what had once been his pride? Swayne stopped short and listened. Yes, there it was again! "Disappearance of ex-President Swayne! Buy the extra about the supposed suicide! Terrible sensation!"

Swayne looked about hopelessly. He would like to know what the people said; he would like to find out just what he had done. Perhaps, too, the account might yield some suggestion which would be helpful; for the press was never shattered in reason from the breaking of its heart. But what should he do to get a copy? Alas! when had money ever seemed so precious as now did the necessary cent? Just then a little shop-girl, pressing forward, murmured, "Poor man, I'm so sorry for you!" and slipped a small coin into his hand. Intent only on tidings of himself, Swayne called a boy and bought a paper.

The ex-President stood under a street light and read a farrago of lies: the first explosion of excited scandal, the exuberance of malice and gratified envy, full of recklessness towards one who had become impotent, and of faith that might could make the foulest wrong right. His motives were misconstrued, his actions distorted; and out from the cleanliness of his life were caused to ooze all those sins which civilization had made so common. No one thing struck Swayne acutely—they all seemed a part of the cold and hunger and gloom—except this closing paragraph: "It is supposed that the missing man has suicided—an escape from degradation which those who were once friendly to him fervently pray may have taken place."

Further degradation! Swayne looked down into his palm at the change which the newsboy had returned. Yes, there was need of prayers for an escape when he had sunk so low as to accept chance charity. "Move on there, my man," ordered a passing policeman; and the ex-President did move on to the shadowy pier and the darkly flowing river.

The public revulsion which followed was as intense as it was futile. Meetings were held; Swayne was eulogized as a sage, a patriot, a martyr; and to him who had been denied bread, a score of monuments were voted—that the Scriptures might be fulfilled.

But the disgrace was too national to be thus readily resolved away. From every land came hisses of shame. "Republics are ungrateful," was the cry; "they exalt, but they do not sustain. They set apart, yet they do not protect. The Mighty Dollar has not even the pride of decency."

The lesson was so severe as to be effective. For once the country threw off that torpor which had long been the sole characteristic of its sense of propriety; for once it appreciated that the obligations of high official station are mutual. As speedily as could be, measures were adopted providing a suitable income for ex-Presidents, and imposing on them such an advisory capacity as redounded not only to their dignity but to the common weal.

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Professor August Weismann

By Herbert Ernest Cushman

IN May, 1894, Professor August Weismann delivered the Romanes Lecture at Oxford, England. Professor Weismann's notable predecessors in this lectureship had been Mr. Gladstone in 1892, when the lectureship was established, and Mr. Huxley in 1893. As on the two previous years, the Sheldonian Theater would not half accommodate the London and Oxford people who desired to get seats. This went to show that, although Professor Weismann was a specialist and a technical scholar, he could vie in popularity with England's two brightest thinkers. Professor Weismann's subject on that occasion places pretty clearly before us his life-problem—"The Effect of External Influences upon Development."

It was extremely interesting to me to see the scientist in his own laboratory in the University of Freiburg, and at his home. His picture shows him to be of the mature age of sixty-two, but in some ways he appears much older. His once straight figure is now bent, and the color has departed from his cheek. During his lectures in his class-room he has the appearance of a once very strong man who has been overworked, for the effort to inspire his lectures with enthusiasm lacks the spontaneity that would come from a younger man. Yet his lectures are always interesting, even when he deals with the most technical subjects, and his classes are the largest in the University, for he has that simplicity of statement that can come only from a long acquaintance with his subject.

Professor Weismann was born in Frankfurt-am-Main on January 17, 1834. He studied medicine in Göttingen, and took his degree as a physician. He practiced this profession for a long time as court physician to one of the Archdukes of Austria. He then turned his attention to zoölogy, and has been professor at the University of Freiburg in Breisgau for about thirty-three years. "Larger cities have advantages, of course, but I shall never leave Freiburg," he said. "Besides, few places can vie with Freiburg in beauty."

Had August Weismann published only his numerous papers on the development of crustacea and insects he would never have been invited to give the Romanes Lecture of 1894, for the world would never have heard of him. The world knows him, however, as a daring theorist, and to go from his lectures on zoölogy to those on the theory of development is like going into another world. The books that have given him fame have all been published since 1883, and contain what is now known as Weismannism.[1] The theory that has been developed in these essays has been pushed into more prominence in the English-speaking world by the controversy between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Weismann upon the points embodied in the theory. It will be my purpose now to state as briefly as possible the Weismann theory of heredity in its historical setting.

The Evolution Theory, so called, is not a sudden "fad" that has made the nineteenth century crazy; nor has it been applied alone to the history of animals (zoölogy), as some people think. The student of philosophy likes to point out the naturalness with which the evolution theory has grown out of the eighteenth century, and how it has been applied to all sciences. What philosophy preceded this nineteenth-century evolution theory? you ask. Idealism, I answer. Who were the philosophers? Why, the dried-up, immortal Kant, the law-despising Romanticists loving each other's wives, the Puritan Fichte, the hair-splitting Hegel. The idealists emphasized two sides of life: (1) the great subjects of Being and of Identity, of God, of immortality, and of the soul; and (2) the historical nature of the matters of daily experience out of which the great subjects of the first class really come. Modern thought takes up the burden that idealism lays down, but it lets the great matters of God, immortality, and

[1] The philosophical works of Weismann are as follows: "*Concerning Heredity*," 1883; "*Concerning Life and Death*," 1884; "Essays on Heredity," 1884; "Amphimixis," 1889; "Continuity of the Plasm as the Ground of the Theory of Heredity," 1892; "The All-Sufficiency of Natural Selection," 1893; "The Romanes Lecture," 1894; "Essays on Heredity and Natural Selection."

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the soul go; and it calls itself evolutionary because it discusses *historically matters of experience only*.

The battle of Waterloo marks the downfall of Napoleon and the beginning of modern science. Since that time classical philology, general literature, mediæval traditions, law, Christian theology, and everything under the sun, have been studied historically—that is, as evolving from something else. The historical study of animals has thus had its place. Lamarck (who, by the way, lived out of his time and in the eighteenth century), Darwin, Spencer, and Weismann mark the successive stages that the evolution theory in zoölogy has advanced. One knows the Weismann theory only as one knows what these men before him said. First, Lamarck—development of the race has taken place through the effort of the individuals. The giraffe has a long neck because successive giraffes have reached for food on high trees. Then Darwin—development has taken place, not because of effort, but because the environment kills the unfit and encourages the fit, allowing it to survive. The giraffe has a long neck because among the children of giraffes only the long-necked ones could reach the fruit, and of successive generations of giraffes only the long-necked ones lived to propagate. Next Herbert Spencer—who takes up cudgels for the Lamarckian principle, and tries to establish the old notion that evolution comes from effort on the part of the individuals. Lastly, Professor Weismann—who carries the Darwinian position to its logical conclusion. But he goes further than Mr. Darwin. Darwin had proclaimed the process of evolution to be mechanical, for nature kills the short-necked giraffes and lets the long-necked giraffes live. But Weismann says that even then *there would be no development unless* there were a spontaneous, innate tendency in the blood of giraffes to become long-necked. Nothing is of avail after the giraffe is born. All depends on the germs in the parents.

This is the famous theory of the *non-inheritance of acquired characters*. It is as mechanical as a living process can be made. Nothing is inherited that is acquired in life—no habit, good or bad. The children's teeth are *not* set on edge because the fathers have eaten sour grapes. The son inherits from the father only what was *born in* the father, or, to use the scientific phrase, what is congenital in the father. All depends on the way the germs act before birth, and human life is subject to a caprice that acteth as it listeth. In this century of pessimism, I know of no theory more pessimistic than the Weismann theory of heredity.

It must be said, however, that Professor Weismann in the last few years has altered his position and given way at many points which he had previously defended with great positiveness. Professor Lloyd Morgan, of Bristol, England, and Professor Cope, of Philadelphia, have lately obtained the public ear in this matter, and the present contending parties in the biological world are called Neo-Darwinians and Neo-Lamarckians.

A Triumph of Modern Journalism

By Lillian W. Betts

THE father died when the three daughters were twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years of age. The neighbors all bemoaned the fact that at least one of the daughters had not been a son. When one had the temerity to suggest this to the widow, she rose in wrath. Any one of her girls was worth two boys. She'd seen enough of mothers left with boys. Girls were good enough for her; and, anyway, she hoped she was Christian enough to bow to the will of God. The father had been a day-laborer, honest, industrious, and sober. Bride and groom, they had come seventeen years before into those rooms, furnished by the savings of the bride—she had been a cook for several years—and the same rooms witnessed the funeral of the husband and father, a middle-aged man, quiet, with no cronies and few friends. The wife and mother was stunned by the blow. She had managed to live on her husband's earnings, but there were no savings. She must begin to work herself. The oldest daughter resented this. She would not have her mother work. She was a favorite in the shop

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where she had been employed for two years. She asked for a place for her sister, and got it. In a month's time there was an increase in her own wages, and the first ray of light came into the darkened home. The wages of the two girls would keep the home. The black dresses would last some time.

At the end of two years the elder daughter was made forewoman at ten dollars a week, and her first thought was to keep her younger sister in school another year. She was a member of a working-girls' club, and she had learned much of the value of education in the business world, as well as of its pleasures.

The mother's head was held high as she told of her daughter's advance, and increase of wages. There was a fine scorn in her voice as she asked her neighbors to show her a son in the neighborhood earning ten dollars a week steady at twenty. The forewoman felt her superiority, and the young men, who were free and careless with the other girls, soon learned that they were not objects of interest to this, to them, "new woman." This atmosphere of superiority seemed to envelop the whole family, and they were thought proud. The "little one," as she was called, was kept at the Sisters' school, and proved a bright, attractive pupil. Stern were the older sisters if she did not give her evenings to "her books." The mother, to whom she was always the baby, gave her liberties the older ones never had, and this was the bone of contention. The "little one" grew restless. One by one the girls she knew had gone to work, and were independent. "Katy had no education, and still she was earning ten dollars a week," was the "little one's" argument against education. The "little one" at last did not appear one afternoon after school. At half-past six she appeared and announced that she had a place at three dollars a week. The defiant toss of her head, the light of rebellion in her eyes, told Katy that her ideal for this young sister would never be realized. The "little one" was the victim or the product of her environment. She had got her "place" through a neighbor's daughter, and it was about as good as a girl of her age could expect to get. When the busy season began, Katy would get a place for the "little one" with her, and the three could go to and from work together. The "little one" refused to leave her place when the busy season with Katy began. "Katy bossed her too much," was the reason she gave her mother, and the tears in the "little one's" eyes brought the mother to her side. Two years went by. The "little one" had engagements for almost every evening. She was clever with her fingers, and the hats and waists she made were marvels to her mates. Her laugh was the gayest, and the home was a meeting-place for the "little one's" friends; they were always welcome. But suddenly a frightened look crept into the "little one's" eyes. She never laughed, and when she smiled it went to her mother's heart like a knife, there was such sadness in the smile.

It was late November. The older girls were at home. The table was ready, but the "little one," who was always home first, did not come. Katy put on her hat and went to the neighbor's whose daughter was the "little one's" chum. She was too clever to ask about the "little one." There had been in her heart a dread for weeks. She made her call, and was met by the question, "What's the matter with the 'little one'? Why is she not at work?" Katy never knew how she got out; she only knew she had not betrayed the "little one." She locked the door when she got home. That night three ashen-faced women sat beside the stove. The light was put out at the usual time. They were very shrewd. Sunday, the next day, they went to early mass, meeting questions about the "little one" by answering that she was better. Monday morning glaring head-lines faced Katy as she purchased her usual penny paper at the ferry. A young girl, who refused to give her name, had died at one of the hospitals. No means of identification. Her hair had recently been cut off close. The body was at the morgue. Yes, Katy worked all day. Her sister had been left at home to protect the mother from visitors. To the neighbors the "little one" was ill with a cold.

That night two young women, closely veiled, went to the morgue to see the body of the unknown girl. They knew her, for one of them cried out when she saw the body. The two stood a short time, and then went out to confer. One of them came back to say they knew the

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girl, and wanted "to bury her decent." An undertaker would come in the morning and take charge of the body. They would not come. Into the night went the two sisters. It was after midnight when they opened the door of their home. A broken-down old woman, with gray hair hanging down her face, met them. Her hands were raised in protest against the story she saw in their faces. They knelt beside her, and in whispers broken by sobs the story was told. The "little one" was dead, and who destroyed her would never be known. She had tried to hide it, and died. She came alone to the hospital, sick, in the early morning, and had been taken in. Yes, her hair was gone. Probably she sold it to help herself in her trouble. How secretive and shrewd did this group of innocent women become! Their lives had been as open as the day, but they could lie without changing color to protect the family name. The question as to how they should explain the "little one's" continued absence did not occur to them. They thought only of to-day. The mother, in her simple black bonnet and shawl wrapped about her shoulders, sat holding fast to the arms of the rocker in the early gray dawn. Her eyes were fixed on the gray sky. She was glad the sun would not shine that cruel day. Katy, with her gay Sunday hat, and the sister, dressed as if for an outing, knocked at the neighbor's door and announced that the "little one" was sleeping. They were going out to get mother a cloak; would the neighbor listen if the "little one" called?—and then they locked the door lest the neighbor should be moved to enter without being called. The three women took the car that went to the shopping district; they changed, and took the car to the suburbs. At the gate of the cemetery stood an empty carriage. Stumbling and moaning, the old mother was helped in. She realized at last what had come to the "little one." They sat an hour with the curtains drawn. In the warm office stood a young man, very wide awake and energetic. He was well booted and gloved, and bore the evidences of refinement.

At last there appeared a hearse without any carriages. Katy saw it, got out, and motioned to the man on the box. There was a heartrending groan as the door of the carriage was closed and it followed after the hearse. Slowly the little procession wended its way to the place where the cheapest graves are. Not far behind it walked the alert young man, with an expression of triumph, success, in his face. The hearse stopped near an open grave. Two girls helped out a broken-hearted mother, and they stood while the grave was filled. The young man stood not far away on a knoll. He had a very good position for his purpose. He could see every movement and hear every sob. The three entered the carriage, left it at the entrance, and returned by the street-cars to their home. The alert young man sat in the same car, changed when the mother and sisters changed. When they entered their home he followed, lest he should make a mistake in the number of flights of stairs they lived above the street. As he left the house he carefully noted the number. The woman who kept the grocery-store next door, in great innocence, gave him the name of the family on the fourth floor, and wondered who the fine young man was who asked so many questions. "Shure, was Katy to be given a bigger job? She deserved it. She's a fine girl."

The evening edition came out in triumph:

THE UNKNOWN GIRL

FULLY IDENTIFIED.

FOLLOWED TO THE GRAVE BY HER MOTHER AND SISTERS.

Great is the triumph of modern journalism! The neighbors came, white of face and gentle of manner. "God comfort you!" The blow had fallen. They had not saved the "little one's" name. A week later the home of twenty years was empty. They would hide their shame among strangers. Katy and her sister were crucified daily. The looks of pity, the whisperings among the girls, they could not endure. They gave up their work. For weeks they walked the streets. The three rooms were given up, and they moved into one. Even this they could not support. The mother began to wash for her neighbors. Katy walked with bowed head, all the old pride and fire of ambition quenched; and the family

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that represented the aristocracy of the poor sank to the level of the poor's poor.

Never mind; the blackened record of their family life had filled half a page in a penny journal, developed by the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Juggling with Ice

By Robert Blight

THAT interesting novel of Sir Walter Scott's called "The Talisman" relates how the noble Saladin, who knew how to cool his sherbet with snow, believed every word spoken by his companion, the Knight of the Couchant Leopard, until he began to talk of ice. The Crusader Knight, being a Scotchman, knew well the properties of the covering which his native lakes put on every winter, and said: "Thinkest thou I tell thee an untruth when I say that I, one of five hundred horsemen, armed in complete mail, have ridden, ay, ridden for miles, upon water as solid as the crystal, and ten times less brittle?" No amount of argument would convince the Saracen, and his final answer was: "You are of a nation that loves to laugh, and you make sport with yourselves, and with others, by telling what is impossible, and reporting what never chanced."

This story of fiction has had its counterpart in real life; for an African king believed a multitude of exaggerations told by a traveler to exalt his native land, but when he began to talk facts, and to describe "solid water," the king ordered him to be driven out of the country, as a dangerous and untruthful person. It is difficult to imagine what Saladin and "His African Majesty" would have said if they could have seen some of the phenomena shown by ice; for they are among the most interesting connected with the study of physics.

If you take a piece of ice and lay it in the sun and watch it, you will see a number of bright, diamond-like spots appear on the surface. When one of these is examined with a fairly powerful reading-glass or a pocket lens, the beautiful ice-flowers, of which the ice is composed, may be seen, rivaling the garden-flowers in symmetry. Round the central bright spot six rays are seen, forming straight lines, fern-leaves, oak-leaves, and the like. It is a sight never to be forgotten, and well worth the trouble of trying to see.

On coming downstairs on a sharp, frosty morning, throw open the shutters which have kept out the cold. If the room is warm, almost instantly there is a film of condensation on the window; and by shading your mouth and nostrils with a piece of paper, you may enjoy seeing, through a magnifier, a veritable forest of beauty springing up before your eyes.

Or you may take a bucket of water and place it in the open air, when the temperature is very low, and watch the crystals form on the surface. Line after line appears to start from the margin towards the middle, and as you gaze the process becomes more rapid. Each line sends out shoots, the angles are filled with fern-like growths, until the water is covered with the most exquisite basket-work, which disappears only as the coating gets as thick as window-glass.

Icicles can be grown much more easily than can cucumbers in a hot-house. Select the sloping roof of the porch, on a side of the house away from the sun. Pour a little water gently from the window above, and it will soon freeze on the eaves. Do not be in a hurry, but when you see a small pendent twig, pour out a little more water. Some will congeal and swell the bulb of your icicle, while some will flow down to the point and lengthen it. Thus, with a little patience, if the frost lasts, you may get a crystal staff reaching almost to the ground.

If you take a common medicine-bottle, fill it quite full with water, cork it very tightly, and place it in the open air on a sharp, frosty day, you will not have to wait very long before you hear a sharp crack, and you will find that your bottle has burst, while the water has turned to ice. Water contracts with cold until it reaches 4 degrees Centigrade, or about 39 degrees Fahrenheit; but after that, strange to say, it expands, until it reaches the freezing-point, that is, 0 degrees Centigrade, or 32 degrees Fahrenheit. People often say that the water-pipes in a

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house burst with a thaw; but the truth is that they more probably burst with the freezing of the water in them. As the water is solid as long as the frost continues, the crack is not discovered, but the moment the thaw sets in we find it out. Among things not generally known is the fact that if you paint a water-pipe with glycerine, you prevent the freezing.

The expansion of water as it turns into ice can produce wonderful results. In 1667 the great astronomer Huyghens astonished the people by bursting iron cannons by filling them with water and exposing them to the action of frost, after carefully plugging up the openings. In an experiment at Quebec with a "mortar"—a kind of cannon—the metal withstood the strain of the expansion of the water, but the plug of wood was blown out and found 400 feet from the muzzle of the cannon.

Because water contracts with cold to four degrees Centigrade, and, after it has reached that temperature, begins to expand, that point is the point of the greatest density of water. As it expands from four degrees Centigrade until it turns to ice, a volume of ice is lighter than an equal volume of water which has not yet been frozen. Ice, therefore, floats. Take a cube of ice and mark off twelve equal divisions on one of the corners or sides. Now place the cube in water, and you will find that a twelfth part of it is above the surface of the water. When sea-water freezes, the ice rejects about four-fifths of the salt held in solution; so that the density of sea-water ice is not very different from that of fresh-water ice. Sea-water, however, has a greater density than fresh water, and if you placed your cube in sea-water, a greater proportion would be above the surface—about one-eleventh. This fact enables us to estimate roughly the size of icebergs found floating in the ocean. For every hundred feet seen above the sea, we may reckon a thousand feet below.

Who would imagine that heat could pass through solid ice? It is nevertheless true. By means of a cloth dipped in warm water, we can make a double convex lens, say four inches in diameter, out of a piece of ice, fashioning it like a "reading-glass." When the sun is shining brightly, take the ice lens, and by using it as a "burning-glass" you may ignite a match, fire, gunpowder, and even set fire to paper. Dr. Scoresby, the Arctic traveler, not only burnt wood and fired gunpowder, but melted lead with an ice lens, which remained intact in his hand.

You may have noticed stones firmly embedded in the ice, when you have been skating. The ice has not risen around them, but they have sunk into the ice themselves. Take some colored marbles and lay them on the ice when the sun is shining, and you will find that they readily sink in, owing to the heat they take up from the sun's rays. Not only so, but the different colors take different times to become embedded. Should one marble be black and another white, the black one will sink in long before the white.

A chain of ice may be made by taking two pieces, pressing them together with a twist, and holding them in position for a moment. They adhere quickly, and another and then another may be added. In this way you may rival the chains of glass shown by the men on the street who are selling some "giant cement" which fastens anything. Two pieces of ice may be thus united even under the surface of warm water.

Perhaps the most wonderful trick of this "natural magic" may be performed thus: Take a block of ice about the size of an ordinary brick; place it so that its ends rest firmly on two chairs or tables or stools, pass over it a loop of wire about a tenth of an inch in diameter, and to the loop suspend a brick, or other weight of about eight or ten pounds. At the end of half an hour or so the wire will have passed through the ice and have fallen to the ground with the weight, leaving the block intact, fixed where you placed it. By holding the ice up to the light so as to get the rays a little aslant, you may detect the line of passage, but the block is as solid as ever.

How is this? The pressure of the weight develops heat where the wire rests upon the ice. This heat causes the ice to melt round the wire. The water thus formed flows over the wire, and, being in contact with the ice, it freezes again—"regeals," the scientist says—and this process goes on until the wire has passed entirely through and falls to the ground.

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Books and Authors

Jean François Millet[1]

Alexander III. of Russia wanted to be known as the "Peasant Czar," but Jean François Millet was by right a peasant king. "A peasant I was born, and a peasant I will die," he cried; "I will paint what I feel, and paint things as I see them." This was the fiber of his nature, and this the impression he made on the world.

Yet let no one think of Millet as of a rude peasant; he was a man of rare culture. He loved Nature first of all, but he also loved Nature's interpreters, the Bible, Theocritus, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns. He surprised a Boston artist by his acquaintance with Emerson and Channing. Peasant as he was, Millet knew how to enjoy these interpreters to the full. Listen to him:

> I seized upon Theocritus and did not let him go until I had devoured his poems. There is a *naïf*, a peculiarly attractive charm about them that is hardly to be found, to my mind, to the same degree in Virgil. It is when I take the text, word for word, that I enjoy it most. I understand that much better than the translation at the end. . . . I must, however, add that Burns pleases me infinitely. He has one special flavor—he smacks of the soil. . . . The reading of Theocritus shows me every day more and more that we are never so utterly Greek as when we are simply painting our own impressions, no matter where we have received them; and Burns teaches me the same.

Millet was the poet and painter of labor. More recently—and in a less degree—peasantry and labor have been portrayed for us by "Ian Maclaren," and his word-pictures remind us somewhat of Millet's greater ones. In the painter's and the romancer's work alike the lines are often deepened by melancholy, sometimes they quiver with suffering, yet a gleam of hope pointing to the ultimate redemption of humanity always illuminates them. Such men teach us to labor, to suffer, and, through all, to be strong. They never whine; they are never weakly sentimental; if they must cry, it is a *De Profundis*, an out-of-the-depths, and it thrills the world. They give the lie to the morbid and minute observations of a Zola on peasant conditions. For, marvelous as is the fidelity to life of Zola's observations, they are faithful only to one side, generally the foulest. More than any other man's, Millet's pictures show to us the entire man, the actual laborer, at his most primitive employments. Heavy as was his color, lacking in lightness of touch as was all his brush-work, no one can look upon "The Sower," "The Gleaners," "The Young Shepherdess" (or, still more, upon the yet greater drawings, where his sense of rhythm had freer play), without feeling that here was an artist who portrayed health and hard work for all time and for all the world. Aided by his almost Rembrandtesque mastery over light and shade, he has given to us in his every achievement that which is age-old and yet ever young—the still, low music of toiling humanity.

Millet was not only the painter of labor, he was also the interpreter of Nature. In the boy's earliest recollections his grandmother played the chief part. After the Norman custom, she cared for his childhood in order that the mother might be free to work in the fields. It was this grandmother, too, who had held the little Millet at the baptismal font and had given to him the name of François, after that noble saint of Assisi on whose fête he was born. What a happy omen for the painter of Nature to be named after one who called the birds his brothers and sisters, and praised God for the sun and stars and all living creatures! Hitherto we have had only fragmentary accounts of Millet's childhood at Gréville, of his student life in Paris, and even of his grand creative period at Barbizon. Perhaps the most interesting of these fragments is that by the late Wyatt Eaton; other good accounts have been by Messieurs Sensier, Yriarte, Bigot, and by Mr. W. E. Henley. Instructive as are the above, they leave a somewhat unsatisfactory impression on the reader's mind. Millet was himself no mere interesting fragment. He was a complete man, like the humanity he painted. He was not only a man: he was a man and an artist indissolubly bound together. The recently issued "Jean François Millet," by Julia Cartwright, supplemented as it is by some fair illustrations, will go far to give us completer satisfaction; at all events, it is the most important contribution yet made to Millet literature. For the most part it is a description of the painter's life, but there is also some helpful criticism of his art. The text is well written, but it is a pity that the index is not more exhaustive.

In the first chapters we read the appropriately simple and touching story of Millet's childhood—a childhood upon which he looked back as the happiest time of his life. His own account of it is of great interest—of the Millet family, of his school-days, of his first communion, of the men and women on the farm. So he grew up, without a thought of leaving home or a wish to lead any other existence. Yet, in the interests of his great future profession, he was then being fitted in the best possible way. To one of his receptiveness, the peasant life was entering so intimately into his blood that he could not help giving later to the world those memories of his mother and her children in "The Departure" and "The Return;" of his mother's toil in "The Washerwomen" and "The Flight of Birds;" and, in "The Angelus," of that field-work which was labor for man and woman alike. So powerfully did the current of his first days pass to his last that, when finally he lay dying, the vision of those green fields of his childhood floated before his eyes. One of the last pictures which he painted was that of the old gray church at Gréville, with the crosses marking the graves of his ancestors under the tall poplar-trees, and, beyond, the pale blue sea.

There is no more impressive part of this impressive book than that which describes the revealing to himself and others of Millet's genius. His love of nature and the poetry of his soul were evident to all, but some time passed before his artistic faculty took definite shape. His sister, Émilie, remembered how once, when François

[1] *Jean François Millet.* By Julia Cartwright. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

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was a child of four or five, his father asked his little ones what profession they would choose when they grew up, upon which the boy replied with decision, "I mean to make pictures of men." Then, by degrees, this vague longing began to find expression. The sight of some old engravings in an illustrated Bible first moved him to take up his pencil, and before long he tried his hand at drawing the objects about him. Still, no one thought of making him an artist, and it was not until he was about eighteen years old that the parents recognized his genius. His father must have been a good man to have made him this little speech:

"My poor François, I see that this idea has taken hold of you. I should like to have sent you long ago to learn this trade of a painter, which people say is such a fine thing, but it was impossible. You are the eldest of my boys, and I could not do without you; but now that your brothers are growing up, I will no longer hinder you from learning what you are so anxious to know. We will go to Cherbourg and see if you have really enough talent to be able to earn a living."

So the question was settled, and the world might well have breathed more freely. It is pleasant to know that Millet's genius was recognized at once; that he made rapid progress; that he was the pride of his family. Then he went to Paris, at the age of twenty-two, a gentle and dreamy youth—just the youth to find the atmosphere of a great city distasteful, the nature to long for the starlit sky and the wild seashore, and to abhor the licentious affectation of much of Parisian art and much of Parisian life. This was more than ever confirmed when, four years later, he married a pretty young dressmaker of Cherbourg, with whose parents he had lodged. As we read about the relations of Millet with Delaroche, Couture, and others, we find some instruction concerning the art of those days, but it is with Millet's own ambitions, satisfactions, deprivations, and sufferings that we are most impressed. Much of the misery was due to his own fault in running into debt, and in being easily swindled. In later years, though the very recollection of the Paris hardships was unendurable, he would say, "There are bad people in the world, but there are good ones too, and one good man consoles you for many who are bad."

Diaz was the friend who had the honor of really introducing Millet to the world. One day Diaz and Tourneux knocked at the humble lodging in the Rue Princesse, and asked for the artist. The answer was a sad one. "The wife is dead, and the husband is gone away, no one knows whither." The husband had gone to his old home, a widower before he was thirty. By and by he married again. Of the second Madame Millet we have a number of portraits in her husband's pictures, and our author tells us that she was intelligent enough to appreciate his genius and to share his deepest thoughts. Her devotion was his best comfort in the trials of his life. But the daily pressure of grinding poverty weighed more heavily than ever on Millet's spirit, and finally his friend Charles Jacque and he decided that they must get out into the country with their families. Jacque told Millet that he knew of a little place on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau which he thought would exactly meet their requirements. He could not remember the name of the village, but knew that it ended in *zon*. They found Barbizon; they were charmed with its beauty and primitive air, and the little holiday then begun lasted twenty-five years.

If Paris represented the technical side of painting to Millet, Barbizon represented the application of the principles of his art, and not only the application of all that he had learned in Paris, but all that he had absorbed in Gréville, when he was learning lessons at his grandmother's knee, and when the birds were singing in the old elm-tree. To Millet-lovers Barbizon has become a pilgrimage place. Who of us, in a visit to Fontainebleau, does not walk or drive the six miles to that little cluster of houses and barns about which Millet's tried friends, Rousseau, Corot, Barye, Diaz, and the rest, lived? Who of us does not visit Père Ganne's hotel, that famous resort of art-students and painters, if for nothing else than to listen to the landlord boast that he had entertained more artists than any other innkeeper in the world? Who of us, in that noble forest, has not cried with Millet, "My God, how good it is to be here!" It was exactly the home for the painters. It combined the glories of the forest and the plain—that plain which we see in most of the Millet pictures, that plain stretching from Barbizon as far as the eye can reach. As our author says, on this wide, campagna-like expanse, the peasants were at work all the year round; here, within a day's walk of Paris, some remnants of the beauty and poetry of pastoral life still lingered. Shepherds might still be seen abiding in the fields by night, keeping watch over their flocks; the sower still went forth to sow, and the gleaners followed in the steps of the reapers, as Ruth of old in the field of Boaz. On the border of this wide place Millet voiced the sentiments of us all:

Every picture should contain a suggestion of distance. We should feel the possibility of the landscape being indefinitely extended on either side. Every glimpse of the horizon, however narrow, should form a part of the great circle that bounds our vision.

A happy change had come over French art from the last notable portrayal of life in a Paris suburb—the frivolous court circles at Versailles in the preceding century—to the republican democracy at Barbizon in this. The whole pre-Millet epoch was full of unrealities. Our artist has delivered us from the artificiality of Watteau and the imitation sheepfolds at Trianon, and gives us instead a delineation of honest yeomanry, peasant life, real labor, in which every one sees qualities unseen in the other art—soul-beauty, world-harmony, heroism.

Millet's beauty was not of the conventional sort. Sometimes friends would urge him to make his peasants more attractive, and remind him that even village maidens had pretty faces, and that some laborers were handsome fellows.

"Yes, yes," he would reply, "that is all very fine, but you must remember beauty does not consist merely in the shape or coloring of the face. It lies in the general effect of the form, in suitable and appropriate action. Your pretty peasant-girls are not fit to take up fagots, to glean under the August sun, or draw water from the well. When I paint a mother, I shall try to make her beautiful simply by the look which she bends upon her child. Beauty is expression."

Nor was his harmony conventional. It included all the hard, weary, grinding work of humanity. How well we recognize this in "The Angelus"! "Even so had he seen his father standing, with bared head and cap in his hand. Even so had his pious mother bowed herself and folded the

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hands at the sound of the evening bell, and repeated the words of the angelic salutation: 'Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ: Ave Maria gratia plena.'" With Millet labor came close to religion, and religion to labor. As Gautier said, sowing, reaping, and grafting are sacred relations which have a beauty and grandeur of their own, together with a touch of Virgilian melancholy.

The heroic quality in Millet's pictures came out of real suffering, financial, physical, mental. Millet once wrote to Rousseau:

> Life is very sad. There are few cities of refuge, and in the end you understand those who sighed after a place of refreshment, of light and peace. And you understand, too, why Dante makes some of his personages say, in speaking of the days which they spent on earth, "the time of my debt." Ah well, let us hold out as long as we can.

Millet was one of those fortunate men who work in obedience to a profound and changeless conviction. This man, so receptive, and so true to the life of Nature and of labor all about him, became a very Michelangelo in concentrated expression. Despite his comparatively recent death, he has already taken deserved place with the classics. Among modern artists he stands supreme as one who has given noblest expression to his thought. When the passing fashions of our day shall have been long since forgotten, his canvases will live like Nature herself. But the influence of his life far transcends the mere technical domain of art; it reached out, and it reaches out, into that wider domain of character, and makes men.

The History of Mankind[1]

The German edition of this great work upon Anthropology appeared about ten years ago, and its superiority as a general comprehensive account was soon conceded. This precedence is probably still sure, notwithstanding the strides that anthropology has taken in the intervening period. The reader is at first struck with the wealth of illustrations, a feature absolutely necessary to a book of this sort. Errors in the identification of the objects in the cuts have been corrected in the list of illustrations; they ought to have been corrected in the text. The chapters follow with headings printed, but in a work so rich with varied data a detailed table of contents is next to necessary. Besides, the chapters should have been broken into sections by the translator, and the sections distinctively headed. In other respects the work of the translator, as a translator, and not a reviser, is good, and the volumes are handsome pieces of the bookmaker's art. As a matter of course it will be presumed that the scope of the first volume does not extend beyond the horizon of primitive culture. Yet even for the modern economist this subject possesses obvious value and interest. The problems of modern finance and social relations cannot be rightly solved if early institutions, which have been the foundation of modern culture, be ignored. Perhaps in these often simpler forms it will be possible to detect the *proton pseudos* of some financial, sexual, or industrial system of our time and country.

In treating of ethnology the author asserts strongly the unity of mankind, a unity not caused entirely by a descent from a single pair nor because of psychic uniformity, nor from physiological similarity, though the latter is an element in the composition, but what he does point out as the chief cause of the unity of mankind is the constant movements, currents of migration and intermixture. America, he thinks, must have been discovered many times from the West before the Northmen and Columbus from the East found it. For in a few centuries the Malay race has spread over sundered ocean islands scattered from Madagascar to the Easter Islands. In reply to this, it may be urged that it is probable that a psychic similarity exists in the races that has not arisen from association or derivation. The presumption of permeation of the several races is plausible, but what sufficient evidence is there to support it? In default of testimony, is it scientific to make the point? At the very best, the reader says, this theory is premature, and unnecessary. Professor Ratzel justly rejects presumption of any natural moral superiority of any one race over another. The difference is between individuals. In one man of us there may be a little less, in another a little more, of the ape or of the tiger. As for the rest, the distinction between races arises from quantity and quality of culture. In addition to this, it may be proper to add that some readers will reject Professor Ratzel's tendency to see in the tribes of the earth the process of becoming homogeneous, and will inquire if many differences are not more linguistic than psychical or physical. The savage represents the condition out of which civilized peoples have emerged. The chief factors in this evolution, says Professor Ratzel, are language and religion. This statement may be accepted as true when it is understood and remembered that the primitive man does not differentiate between his religion and social life. With him the State is the Church. Religion arises, not from a fear of the world-forces, not from dreams, or the shadow of the body, but is an inalienable element in the normal man. It is intuitive. The religions as well as the languages and political conditions of the primitive peoples prove that evolution has not always been without checks. There have been relapses, retrogression, as well as progress, in all. Perhaps in some cases this has given rise to the almost universal myth of a paradise and a "fall." Yet there is still another psychic explanation possible.

The advice given to Christian missionaries, pages 61 ff., is worthy of general consideration. In passing it may be remarked that it is annoying to be referred to a plate on "American antiquities" and to find no such plate in the book. In his treatment of the social organization of the Polynesians it cannot be said that the author is satisfactory. He does not definitely and distinctly give the political organizations of the tribes, or the common basis of their statecraft. Fault may be found also with Professor Ratzel for the large space that he gives to discussing the migrations of the people of Oceanica and the Pacific Islands, for, after all has been said, there does not appear to be much besides vague myths to go upon in

[1] *The History of Mankind.* By Professor Friedrich Ratzel. Translated from the second German edition by J. Butler, M.A., with Introduction by E. B. Taylor, D.C.L., F.R.S. With colored Plates, Maps, and Illustrations. Volume I. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

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our conjectures. As a matter of course, it will not be thought likely that the inhabitants of each and every island were autochthonous.

Alluding to the secret societies of the South Sea Islanders, the author leaves us in ignorance of the purpose and function of these societies. Were they religious or political? In primitive culture the two aspects are usually united, but one predominates. The author's discussion of the family and the State in Oceanica is more satisfactory than the chapters on the Polynesians. One fails to find his way easily in this great volume, since there is no table of contents that amounts to more than the barest outline, and there is no index at all, as this is only Volume One. The array of data is bewildering; no words are wasted; there is no surplus verbiage; but, like many German books, there is lack of analytical arrangement. The idea of animism is accepted as the characteristic of the religions of the Polynesians and Melanesians alike It must, however, be borne in mind that the islanders, taking them all into consideration, represent an extended scale of culture. As Professor Ratzel in another place notes, at the arrival of the Western races these people had in some instances advanced far towards monotheism, and in a few generations might have reached the stage of development manifested in Hinduism. It is at this point that the author deserts his intercommunication theory and falls back implicitly upon the indigenous hypothesis. The *juste milieu* of the matter is that there are indigenous as well as borrowed elements in the religions and politics of most primitive peoples. This one may safely admit, even if he go not as far as Dr. Le Plongeon and suppose that Egyptian culture traveled to the Nile Valley from the Mayas of Central America. In conclusion, the value of this book is considerable. Nothing else on the subject of anthropology is at once so comprehensive, so rich in material, and so popular in form; but it is not altogether a book for the specialist, though the abundant and excellent illustrations render it generally valuable. The fact is that the translator should have allowed himself more latitude, and have freely revised and supplemented Professor Ratzel's work. Also, many corrections of the text are needed, and ought not to be put off to the next edition. The correction of the descriptions of the pictures ought to be done for this edition. The work is altogether too important and costly to be hastily run through the press.

The Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending January 1. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

The Ambassador of Christ, by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore), will doubtless be read by a large number of Roman Catholic clergymen, and it might be read, not without interest and benefit, by Protestants. It is a simple and anecdotal volume of advice and suggestion about the manners, customs, habits, social and moral qualities, and methods of work which a priest ought to cultivate. It is not intended to be a scholarly treatise upon the priesthood, but is rather a readable guide to practical conduct, written somewhat in the style and spirit of Samuel Smiles's widely known books on self-development.

SCHOOL-BOOKS, ETC.

One of the best helps to an understanding of events in classical times is Mr. Georges Castegnier's *Handbook of Greek and Roman History* (American Book Company, New York), a thin little volume which might be carried in the pocket. The type does not suffer from compactness, however, and while the work is by no means exhaustive, it contains the facts about important persons and places which one ought to have at command.

The English Language and Its Grammar, by Irene M. Mead (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston), is a successful attempt to supply in concise form an account of that broader development of our language not contained in most of the grammars. There is an inseparable connection between grammar and psychology, and the present logical treatise will so stimulate the reflective powers that independent thought and original expression may go more harmoniously hand in hand.——Theodor Storm's *Immensee* has now been edited for school use by Mr. F. A. Dauer. (American Book Company, New York.) The story is a great favorite among Germans; among less sentimental Americans it could hardly hope for such popularity.

Carlyle's *Essay on Robert Burns* is published in the Eclectic English Classics (American Book Company, New York), with an introduction which is a sketch of Carlyle and Burns. The *Third Reader* of the Cyr Series of children's readers has just been published by Ginn & Co., Boston.

MISCELLANEOUS

A book on cooking which gives its instruction through the medium of letters is, to say the least, a novelty. The author of *The Way We Did at Cooking-School*, Virginia Reed (John B. Alden, New York), has chosen this method of conveying information to housekeepers in the chemistry of the kitchen, and the making of foods which are at once palatable and concocted on scientific principles.——Another book in the same general field is *Eating and Drinking*, by Albert Harris Hoy, M.D. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), which is, in form, a treatment of foods from the medical standpoint, with especial reference to the effect of foods on the blood.

Mr. Lewis Henry Boutell's *Life of Roger Sherman* is reserved for longer notice. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Part III. of the *Annual Report of the United States Geological Survey* for the past fiscal year has just been issued (Government Printing House, Washington), and includes a remarkably comprehensive estimate of the mineral resources of our country.

Is the taste for miniatures to be revived? It looks that way; at any rate, the taste for miniature treatment in history and biography has come into vogue in these busy days of decadence. We want to know all things instantly; and to satisfy this "felt want" the publishers are giving us the essence of all knowledge in the shape of little

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books for little nooks. The curious and long and complex history of the contest between *King and Parliament*, told shortly by G. H. Wakeling, of Oxford, is the last new issue of the "Oxford Manuals of History." The narrative is as good as the space will allow. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Literary Notes

—One of the greatest actors of our time, M. Got, the *doyen* of the Théâtre Français, has been writing his memoirs. They will be published under the title of "Journal d'un Comédian."

—The "Book Buyer" in its new form has placed itself in the forefront of periodicals of its class. Its typographical dress is extremely harmonious; it expresses precisely the aim and spirit of the publication, and this charming dress is in itself an appeal to the friendliness of book-lovers. In the matter of its contents the "Book Buyer" shows also a great gain. The reading matter which it furnishes is varied, the topics are well selected, and the workmanship is distinctly good.

—During the past twenty years M. Émile Ollivier, the last Prime Minister of Napoleon III., has been at work on what will probably be the most important history of the Second Empire. The first volume of M. Ollivier's "L'Empire Libéral" has now appeared, and is to be followed by nine more. "But three men on the French side," M. Ollivier remarked recently, "knew thoroughly the inside history of the declaration of the war. They were the Emperor, the Duke de Gramont, and myself. The first two are dead, and I am now to speak."

—When M. Émile Zola heard that he got only four votes this time in the election of members for the French Academy, instead of eight the last time, he said: "What! I have really four! I am surprised, for I never expected it, having taken no part in the poll. The election was arranged beforehand, and therefore it was useless to pay any attention to it. To tell the truth, these Academic elections have no effect on me. I confine myself to putting up for every seat vacant, and then I wait to see the result without the slightest emotion. Of course I shall continue a candidate, but I no longer pay the traditional visits. I paid them once, and that is enough. I am again a candidate for the seat of Jules Simon. As regards that of M. Challemel-Lacour, the customary period of mourning has only just expired, and I shall wait a few days more before coming forward for his seat. And I shall continue to go on in this way. Where it will lead me to, goodness only knows."

—Mr. Edward H. Bierstadt, whose recent death at his home in Summit, N. J., brought sincere sorrow to his many friends, had practically completed the first volume of "The Bibliography of Old English Literature," in the preparation of which the Grolier Society, of this city, is engaged, and he had collected a considerable amount of material for the second volume. The thoroughness and intelligence which Mr. Bierstadt put into his work were evidenced by his bibliography of Whittier. He was a tireless and enthusiastic student, whose lamp of work never went out or even burned low, in spite of his ill health. He not only knew the externals of his books thoroughly, but he was at home also with their contents. He was not only a born lover of books, but of literature, which is a very different matter. His library showed rare intelligence and discrimination. He was in all senses a fastidious man, one who knew the best, and who would accept nothing save the best.

—Three years ago the German Emperor vetoed the award of the triennial Schiller Prize ($1,700) to Ludwig Fulda for his "Talisman," because he saw in it a satire on the doctrine of the divine right of kings. This year the prize has been awarded to his pet and flatterer, Ernst von Wildenbruch. Gerhart Hauptmann was recommended as worthy to share the prize, but declined the honor. "The Critic," which announces the above, adds: "The Emperor is now writing a play himself; we should not wonder if sometime he were to tread the boards. History does repeat itself."

—From the New York "Tribune" we learn that

> The giddy young editors of "The Lark" have launched another little periodical under the title of "Phyllida; or, The Milkmaid." It is a bi-weekly of four pages and is printed in old-fashioned type, with an attempt at old-fashioned rhetoric. One gem is as follows: "The American idea is Strong in the West, not merely as a Theory, but an Idea strong enough to mold the Opinion and Color Existence. . . . The West is worth conciliating. The big Hobbledehoy is growing up, and he has an Opinion to give and wants to give it." Bless the little chap's heart! Of course he shall have his Opinion, and give it, too, but we wish he would find some better way than starting a new periodical of the juvenile sort every few months.

In another number the "Tribune" says that

> The "Chap-Book" has fought its enemies with unfailing audacity, but before the doings of its friends it is powerless and has surrendered. "It has long since ceased to desire comparison with the numerous obvious imitations of it—the so-called miniature magazines"—so the publishers pathetically state—and with the issue of January 15 the periodical will take a new lease of life, appearing in a form similar to that of the English weeklies. The form will be easy enough, but how about the contents? It is announced that "the 'Chap-Book's' endeavor is to be at once sane and entertaining." There is a suggestion of antithesis here, and the suspicion of it is confirmed by the fact that hitherto the "Chap-Book" has certainly seemed to regard sanity as incompatible with the power of entertaining. However, a novelette by Mr. Henry James is to appear in the periodical, and perhaps the new dignity of the latter may lead it to abandon some of the trashy contributions which have done so much to spoil its vivacity and diminish its cleverness.

Books Received

For the week ending January 4

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Castegnier, Georges. Handbook of Greek and Roman History. 50 cts.

Storm, Theodor. Immensee. Edited by F. A. Dauer. 50 cts.

Carlyle, Thomas. An Essay on Robert Burns. 20 cts.

JOHN B. ALDEN, NEW YORK

Reed, Virginia. The Way We Did at Cooking School. $1.

JAMES O. BLAKELEY, LOS ANGELES

Blakeley, James O. An Outline Harmony of the Gospels.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Mead, Irene M. The English Language and Its Grammar.

Cyr, Ellen M. The Children's Third Reader.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Stuart, Ruth McEnery. Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets and Other Tales.

A. C. M'CLURG & CO., NEW YORK

Boutell, Lewis H. The Life of Roger Sherman. $2.

Hoy, Albert H., M.D. Eating and Drinking. $1.50.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., BALTIMORE

Gibbons, James, Cardinal. The Ambassador of Christ.

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The Religious World

Universalists in the United States

The "Independent" in its issue of January 7 has a symposium on the denominations of the United States. We shall make reference to two or three facts which are there included. In a succinct paragraph the facts are stated concerning the Universalists in this country, and as the writer is President I. M. Atwood, of Canton Theological Seminary, they may be presumed to be correct. There are at present 1,006 parishes in the denomination, a gain of thirteen during the year. The church membership is 49,441. The parish contributions for missions during the year, so far as reported, were $69,300. There is a home mission on the Pacific coast, a mission in the South and one in the Southwest, one among the colored people in Virginia, and a foreign mission in Japan. The publishing house of the denomination is in Boston, and the publications of the last year have been unusually large. The various denominational meetings have indicated prosperity, as they have been larger than for many years. Especial mention is made of that of the Young People's Christian Union which was held in Jersey City, of another of the same society in Atlanta, and of the National Conferences held, one in Oakland, one in Atlanta, one in Chicago, one in Syracuse, and one in Portland, Me. This denomination is not large, and probably never will be, for the simple reason that the teachings of so many of the denominations in regard to the future life have changed. That change has removed the chief ground for the separate existence of the denomination. Where the emphasis of a church is on the doctrine of future penalty as it was taught in the old times, Universalism flourishes; but where the emphasis is placed upon the doctrine of retribution, and the fact that all can see that sin and suffering are tied together, and that the suffering must exist at least as long as the sin does, then the denomination has no special mission. It came into being as a protest, and in many ways has made its influence widely and beneficently felt.

The Churches in the United States

Dr. H. K. Carroll is the most eminent and reliable statistician of the churches of our country. He has recently published in the "Independent" some interesting figures, from which we make a few extracts. The largest single denomination is the Roman Catholic, which is divided into six different bodies, including the Russian Orthodox, the Greek Orthodox, and the Armenian. The second largest is the Methodist, divided into seventeen bodies; the third is the Baptist, divided into thirteen; the fourth is the Presbyterian, with its twelve divisions; the fifth is the Lutheran, with its nineteen divisions; the sixth the Disciples of Christ; the seventh the Protestant Episcopal, with its two divisions, and the eighth the Congregational. The Roman Catholics, however, when compared with the Protestants constitute less than one-third of the population. When from the actual membership we turn to the table which indicates the gains, we find that the Roman Catholics again lead; while the Methodists have made the second largest gain, the Baptists the third, the Disciples of Christ the fourth, the Lutherans the fifth, the Congregationalists the sixth, and the Episcopalians the seventh. The net increase in the membership of the churches in 1896 was not far from three-quarters of a million, a much larger increase than that of the previous year. The figures show that one-third of the entire population of the United States, including men, women, and children, are church members, while of the total membership more than two-thirds are Protestant and less than one-third Roman Catholic. These figures are encouraging. They show that the churches are not asleep, and that they are making substantial progress. The question was once asked of a Japanese: "Is Christianity making progress in your Empire?" The reply was: "If you mean, Are the churches growing? I must say, Not very fast; but if you mean, Is the kingdom of God extending? the reply must be, It is extending in every direction and with great rapidity." The figures which we have quoted show that not only is the kingdom of God advancing in our Republic, but that the Church itself is increasing, not only in the number of its communicants, but in its power on the life and thought of individuals and the State.

The Problems of the Unitarians

At the Boston Unitarian Club, on Monday evening, December 9, two addresses of more than local interest were delivered. The first was by the Rev. John Cuckson, on "The Congregationalism of Unitarian Churches," and the second on "The Unitarian Problem," by the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer The address of Mr. Cuckson was an earnest plea in behalf of the denomination of which he is a distinguished leader. Two points of his address we will mention here. One is his appeal for denominational propaganda, and the other his plea for schools for Unitarian children. He refers to a belief that the official papers of other denominations are read more widely than the Unitarian papers, and urges that something be done to give them a better support and a wider reading. He says that it has been resolved that the sum of $20,000 should be raised for improving the "Christian Register" and extending its circulation; that this sum will be placed in the hands of trustees who will see that it is applied in ways conducive to the diffusion of Unitarian Christianity. He also pleads earnestly for denominational schools, and affirms that "it is no exaggeration to say that in the last few years we have lost hundreds of young men and women, the hope and promise of our churches, who are sent outside their own religious body to seek educational advantages which ought to have been provided for them by their own household of faith." It seems singular to us to hear Unitarians pleading for denominational schools and a denominational propaganda. We have been so in the habit of hearing them denounce denominationalism in others that it is surprising to find them turning to it themselves. However, there is as much reason for denominational enthusiasm among them as among other Christians, and human nature is the monopoly of

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no sect. Mr. Slicer, in his paper on "The Unitarian Problem," pays attention to what he thinks should be the missionary attitude of the churches, and makes the following points: "There should be missionary interest in churches less strong, but in the immediate vicinity." Again: "No church can succeed, or enhance its power, or extend its influence, that is not conducted upon strictly business principles." Again: "There is a difference between a proselyte and a convert." A proselyte, he says, "is one led in by the ear, and the convert is wooed by our love." He says that Unitarian Congregationalism differs from orthodox Congregationalism in this, that the former insists that every family should conduct its own affairs; that there should be no bond between the families but such as love makes. We have very great regard for Mr. Slicer, but are unable to agree with this definition. What he calls Unitarian Congregationalism no more distinguishes Unitarian than Baptist Congregationalism or Trinitarian Congregationalism. The principle of Congregationalism in all its branches is the supremacy of the local church, and the insistence that the bond between the local churches is only such as is created by love.

Dr. W. T. Harris and the Minister

Dr. W. T. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, and one of the most eminent philosophers in the United States, a man with a world-wide reputation as an expounder of Hegelianism, addressed a Ministers' Meeting in San Francisco on Monday, December 21, at which time he made some strong and positive statements concerning religious thought. As his address is reported to us, it contains among other statements the following: "Philosophy is to me one of the great instrumentalities side by side with religion, but it is no substitute for religion." Again: "The Christian religion in the highest sense teaches the love of God, because all that is lovable is contained in the image of God. No heathen religion contains such a God, one to be known by knowledge and love." Again he says: "The Christian religion is a religion of love. It is also a religion of intellect." Again: "Hegel in his 'Philosophy of Religion' says that Christianity is the only revealed religion, because the Christian God is the only one from whom revelation is possible." Dr. Harris says: "There are three forms of Christianity: that of the saints going into the deserts to seek the pure divine; then there is the one who sees the divine plan of the universe; and there is a third form, that of St. Francis coming toward the divine tenderness." In regard to miracles Dr. Harris made the following strong statement: "If I found I was attending a church which did not preach miracles, I would leave that church and go to another. You cannot explain the spiritual order of things without a miracle, because the spiritual order is miraculous." Such words as these from so eminent an authority in philosophy carry great weight, and evidently made a profound impression on his hearers.

The Discussion Concerning the Bible

At no time has the subject of the Bible as literature been as prominently before the public as during the present winter. Various gatherings in England have given it the first place in their discussions; several books on the systematic study of the Bible have recently appeared from the most distinguished workers in Great Britain; while on this side of the water, in almost every city, the subject attracts the attention of large and intensely interested throngs of people. So far as we have yet been able to see, this discussion is encouraging because it is constructive. Nothing that has yet reached us could fairly be called destructive criticism. Among the reports of sermons on this subject is a course by the Rev. Mr. Rader, of San Francisco, whose general subject is "The Bible and Evolution." In common with most others who are presenting this subject from their pulpits, Mr. Rader affirms in the strongest way his belief in the Scriptures as containing God's word, in their inspiration, and in the revelation of God to man. He says at the conclusion of one of his sermons: "I stand for the spirit of the Bible, which is the infallible word of God; I do not stand for the letter, which is perishable; I stand for the hope that some day the spirit, rising out of the burning sands entangled with sin and the lower nature, will be free, in the freedom of Christ, in the liberty of the sons of God." The days of criticism are by no means ended, but the days of destructive criticism in the pulpit seem, at least for the present, to be past.

The Importance of Definition

The "British Weekly" contains from time to time some able editorials. The issue of December 24 has a long and in some respects strong editorial examination of "The Cure of Souls," by Dr. John Watson. It was evidently written by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, the senior editor of the paper. Dr. Nicoll, as is well known, is regarded as the discoverer of Ian Maclaren, and he writes in a strongly complimentary way concerning Dr. Watson's lectures—that is, concerning their form, their eloquence, their suggestiveness. In some respects, however, he criticises them, and with some of his criticisms we are in agreement. But when he finds fault with the distinguished preacher for not putting in its proper place what he calls "the proclamation of the Gospel in its tenderness and in its terror; the Gospel of the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world; the Gospel which calls for immediate decision and submission and reconciliation," we find ourselves asking, Just what does Dr. Nicoll mean? Before this we have seen references to this point in the editorial columns of the "British Weekly," but have never yet seen a word in the way of definition. Now, there are many interpretations of those passages of Holy Scripture which refer to the sacrificial work of Christ. Some feel that the Gospel is not truly preached unless the doctrine of expiation is emphasized; others expect the preacher to insist that the divine nature in Christ assumed the sufferings due to human sin, and therefore that all men are pardoned as an act of sheer justice. The article to which we refer affirms that the reference to the sacrifice of a mother for her child, made in "The Cure of Souls," is even worse than the old illustration of Damon and Pythias. It is, of course, possible that Dr. Watson ought to have been more explicit, but those less exact than he ought not to find fault with him. We

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have often seen his writings criticised, but never, either in the columns of the "Weekly" or in any other paper, have found the slightest attempt clearly to define the phrases which are used as more orthodox. Propitiation and expiation, satisfaction and substitution, are large words behind which it is convenient to hide. There is surely no unanimity in their interpretation, and never has been. Possibly, even, they are used in different ways in different countries. We venture to suggest that, before such words are lifted for the purpose of branding any as heretical, they ought to be attended by perfectly clear definition. With Dr. Nicoll's contention that there is a severe as well as a tender side to the Gospel we have no controversy; neither has Dr. Watson. We have referred to this editorial because of the way in which it treats these great subjects, and because in its lack of clear definition it is typical of much of the theological writing of our time.

Enthronement of an Archbishop

On January 8, Frederick Temple, D.D., was enthroned as Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England in the Cathedral at Canterbury. The great church was packed with an enormous crowd, and the ceremonies were full of splendor and beauty. The persons assisting in the ceremony were the Archdeacons of Canterbury, Dean F. W. Farrar, and the Vice-Dean and the Vice-General of Canterbury. Such services cannot be appreciated by those used to the simpler ways of American church life. One incident, however, is of more than local interest. As the Archbishop was traversing the nave at the end of the procession a voice cried loudly, "The whole proceedings are a fraud." It was at first supposed that the disturber was the Rev. Mr. Brownjohn, who had protested against the confirmation of the Archbishop on December 22, but it was later discovered that the voice came from a layman. The new Archbishop begins his arduous duties at a very great age and in the face of a good deal of opposition, but it is doubtful if any man better qualified for the distinguished honor has ever occupied the chair of Primate of All England.

The Church Building Society

The suit by which the will of the late Mr. Stickney, of Baltimore, has been contested has at length been settled in favor of the Congregational Church Building Society. The decision will put into the treasury of the Society not far from $300,000. With this great addition to its funds that Society will be in a condition to undertake some forms of activity which are sorely needing assistance. The appeal of the cities is one which ought not longer to be neglected. In our judgment, that fund ought to be set aside for the promotion of church-building in the great centers of population, and we earnestly suggest to the directors of the Society such a disposition of it. At present the need in the cities is greater even than in the country districts.

Roman Catholics and Protestants

The Rev. David S. Phelan, editor of the "Western Watchman," has the courage of his convictions, and does not hesitate to express his mind in his article on the Roman Catholic Church. Speaking of the removal of Bishop Keane from the rectorship of the Catholic University, he says: "But it is doubtful if he would have been removed if he had not advanced dangerous views on Protestantism. Catholics believe that Protestantism is a damnable heresy, worse than any that has yet arisen in the Church. They think it is charity to tell Protestants so; to labor to convince them that it is so; to co-operate in bringing them out of their position of awful danger. If there is anything more uncharitable than another in our intercourse with those of heterodox persuasion, it is teaching them or encouraging them to be content with their present spiritual state. Bishop Keane was the paraclete of American Protestants. . . . For this he was removed." This is plain speaking, and no doubt authoritative. It is interesting sometimes to see ourselves as others see us. Think of such men as Bishop Potter, Dr. R. S. Storrs, the late Professor Hodge, and others of the same stamp, as damnable heretics! It is fortunate that we do not all see alike.

Dr. Sawyer's Protest

The protest of Dr. R. A. Sawyer against the call of Dr. Pentecost to the First Presbyterian Church in Yonkers was both clever and shrewd. While Dr. Sawyer's argument by some might be regarded as personal, we do not so read it. It seems to us to be intended to show that the very persons in the Presbyterian Church who are condemning one type of heresy are opening their arms wide to what the Church in all its history has regarded as another equally dangerous form of heresy. Dr. Sawyer clearly succeeds in showing lack of consistency on the part of those who have called Dr. Pentecost, which we imagine to have been the real object of his protest. In the meantime the final answer of Dr. Pentecost to the Yonkers church has not been announced at the time of our writing.

Notes

The Rev. O. W. Stewart, of Illinois, has been called to succeed the Rev. B. B. Tyler, D.D., as pastor of the Church of the Disciples in West Fifty-sixth Street, New York. Dr. Tyler is a man of large influence, not only in his own church, but throughout the city. Mr. Stewart is a young man whose preaching has been much admired by the people who have called him.

A valued correspondent calls attention to our recent paragraph on the Home Department in the Sunday-School, and gives us some facts concerning the origin of the Department. It seems that it was suggested as early as 1885, and that Dr. W. A. Duncan, of Syracuse, has been one of the most active in bringing it before the public. It has been advocated earnestly by Dr. S. W. Dike, of Auburndale, the honored leader of the National Divorce League, who says that no other of the great social institutions probably can do so much to inspire and guide the home life as the Church, and the Home Department he regards as one of the most important parts of the work of the Church.

A course of five public lectures on practical religion is to be delivered in the Chapel of Union Theological Seminary, New York, on Monday evenings, beginning January 11. Dr. Moxom, of Springfield, will speak on "Personal Righteousness;" President Tucker, of Dartmouth, on "Social Righteousness;" William A. Butler, of New York, on "Commercial Righteousness;" Bishop Satterlee, of Washington, on "Ecclesiastical Righteousness;" and Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst on "Civic Righteousness." Another course of lectures is on Hygiene, and is to be delivered by John S. Billings, M.D., Tuesdays, February 9-23, at noon; while the Rev. Henry Preserved Smith, D.D., will deliver eight lectures on "The Bible and Islam" on Monday and Tuesday evenings, beginning March 1. These lectures are open to all.

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Correspondence

Armenian Destitution

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I understand that most people have become tired of hearing about the Armenians. We who live among them, and are daily witnesses of their sufferings and their desolation, are oppressed and weary, sometimes almost beyond endurance; still we cannot shut our eyes to their condition. They are our kindred, brought low through no fault of their own, and Providence has placed them before us, and we cannot shirk our responsibility if we would. The winter is now upon us, and it has begun with unusual severity. The last winter was very open, and although the Armenians, after they were plundered in November, had very little fuel, bedding, or clothing, they managed to live through the winter because it was so mild. This region is subject to long periods of winter fog, which sends a chill through one's very bones. There was little last year; but a fog came upon us two weeks ago, and there has been no let-up as yet. If the winter is to continue according to its present prophecy, there will be untold suffering and great mortality.

There was the confident expectation a year ago that after the harvest the most of the people, except a large class of widows and orphans, would be able to care for themselves. Several things have conspired to defeat this desirable consummation. In the first place, there has been no assurance of security, such as is necessary to a revival of business. The Turks and Koords have continued to utter threats and prophecies of evil, and even the government seemed to be undecided as to the future. Merchants were without capital, artisans without tools, farmers without cattle and agricultural implements. The spring sowing was deficient. The crops were fairly good, but between the Turkish creditors and the tax-gatherers very little grain was left to the farmers themselves. Such severity in the collection of taxes was never known before. The great endeavor of the poor during the summer was to get together something for winter, but the tax-gatherers have been everywhere, and anything which could be turned into money, even if it was only a few pounds of grain or flour, was sold, often at not more than two-thirds its value, and the proceeds given for taxes. All this has been accompanied with beatings and cursings and nameless insults. The people, in crowds, have petitioned the local government, all to no purpose. The English consul has remonstrated, and he has informed the central government through his Embassy, but the uniform response from the capital is that such things are not allowed, that orders have been sent not to oppress the people, etc., while the severity was not mitigated in the least. In the villages it has been equivalent to a second plunder, so that multitudes of the people are as destitute as they were a year ago. In many cases the money given for relief and the cattle given by the Red Cross have been seized for taxes.

These affairs absorb the most of our time and thought. While the warm weather lasted we did not give relief, except in rare cases, but now that the cold weather has come they flock to us in crowds, and we cannot turn a deaf ear to them. Even if we had abundant funds, the task of wisely administering them would be immense. Our greatest trial and heaviest burden is to witness so much suffering which we are powerless to relieve, except in a measure. We trust that our friends will help us by their benefactions and their prayers.

In the district of which Harpoot is the center there are more than 40,000 persons who will be absolutely dependent upon charity for the coming winter. Outside of this circle there is an equally large class of destitute persons, but we hope they will be able to squeeze through in some way. The majority of those who were killed were men. That has left a large number of helpless widows and orphans—from this district alone of from 15,000 to 20,000. What a sad, sad company! We are making special effort to provide for the orphans, but it is a great undertaking. ***

[This letter is from an experienced missionary in Turkey, who speaks with the fullest knowledge. His name is not printed here, for fear that, if it were, his position with the Turkish authorities might be compromised.—THE EDITORS.]

Gladstone's Mother

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Many in Canada as well as in the United States will read with delight "The Story of Gladstone's Life," by Justin McCarthy, begun in the last number of The Outlook. It is plain to be seen that the writer does not mean to give us a full life of his subject, and that in following the law of literary perspective many features, incidents, and events in a well-rounded story of a man like Gladstone must be passed by. Yet when one observes that Mr. McCarthy traces the genealogy upon the father's side back to the close of the thirteenth century and shows how an ancestor, Herbert de Gledstanes, figures as one of the lairds "who swore fealty to Edward I.," one wonders why the mother should not be as much as mentioned by name. "He [the father] was a pure Lowland Scotchman, and he married a Highland Scotchwoman." Yes, but that woman could also trace her lineage back to a thirteenth-century man who won against Edward I. one of the world's decisive battles and secured for Scotland her independence. Anne Robertson was descended in a direct line from Robert the Bruce. Upon reading the scant reference to this gifted and cultured woman, I recalled the remark in one of her son's speeches made to a Scotch audience many years ago, that he had in his veins the blood of King Robert, and I find the record is in Burke. To his mother, I think, more than to his father, Gladstone owes the qualities of heart and intellect which have produced in him one of the world's greatest men. A. B.

Toronto, Canada.

A New Year Greeting

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The demand of a Court of Arbitration between our sister peoples, if realized, will be the great

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fact of 1897. I dare to think it is the beginning of the end of war in all the world. How can I, then, help saying, as I have tried to in the inclosed sonnet, "God speed to you" on the opening of a New Year? If, as I trust, the Court of Arbitration becomes a fact, it would be very pleasant to join with American friends to signalize it in some permanent way here in the old country—and I suggest that those who visit our Lake country from your shores might care to associate themselves with me in some little painted window in the old Crosthwaite Church, which should commemorate the sixtieth year of our Queen's reign and put on record a note of this Bond of Peace which the year brings forth. Many of your people would see it and rejoice.

GREAT BRITAIN TO AMERICA

Now comes the golden year! haste, happy spring!
Lead on the golden day of June the blest,
When all our streets with banners shall be drest,
And all our people shall rejoice and sing!
Then let the nations gifts and praises bring.
But none that day shall be more honored guest
Than she our Sister throned beneath the West,
Since in her hands is Peace for offering.

And they who chronicle the glorious time
Shall write hereafter how God's will ordained
That when our Queen had won her sixtieth year,
The kindred lands in wise accord drew near,
Set up their seats for judgment, and restrained
Wild lust of war's intolerable crime.

(The Rev.) H. D. RAWNSLEY.

Crosthwaite Vicarage, Keswick, England,
December 23, 1896.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space.*

A typographical error substituting *and* for *not* completely changed the intent of an answer on page 196 in last week's Outlook, to a correspondent who cited Matthew viii., 12; xiii., 40, 42, 49, 50; xviii., 8, 9; and xxv., 46, as evidence that fire is used by Christ as a symbol of torment. The answer should have read as follows: "Matthew viii., 12, and xxv., 46, do not refer to *fire*. The other references are to destruction, *not* torment."

"J. W. M." and "R. F. H."—A scholarly friend sends us the following supplements to the answers given you December 26: "Vaughan on Romans is an invaluable book for the study of that Epistle and of St. Paul's Greek, tracing as it does the history of the words used. Liddon on Romans is thorough, fair, and most suggestive. Vaughan on Philippians is nothing like so thorough as Lightfoot, but gives an alternative meaning to the latter part of Philippians iv., 5 (the Lord is at hand, ὁ κύριος ἐγγύς), which no other commentator gives, but which is very probably the true meaning, viz., the Lord is near (in place). Westcott on Hebrews and on St. John's Epistles are the best works on these Epistles. Everlasting, or eternal, life, ζωὴ αἰώνιος in St. John, means that kind of life, an emanation from the divine life, which is given by our blessed Lord to those who believe on him—a life which will enable us to live the Christ-life in this life, and to live with Christ after death: In the other New Testament writings it seems to refer to the life of the blessed after death alone. [St. Paul seems to us to agree with St. John in conceiving the eternal life as beginning now and here. See Romans vi., 23; 1 Timothy vi., 12.—THE EDITORS.] J. R. T."

If Christian Science is "not Christian," as stated in your column a week or two since, how are we to explain the cures constantly recorded in the "Christian Science Journal," also the statements made in regard to it in the October number of the "Granite Monthly Magazine"? In what way do the cures recorded there differ from the ones performed by Jesus while he walked the earth, only in magnitude? M. E. S.

Simultaneously with the foregoing a card from "D. J. S.," whose letter we printed January 2, requests criticism of Acts iv., 7–12, as a case of "divine healing."

A sketch appeared last summer in the Providence "Journal," if we remember rightly, of the shrine of Ste. Anne, near Quebec, which said that there were piles of crutches, etc., left there by persons healed through invocation of the Saint. At Lourdes in France, and other places, astonishing cures are well testified to as wrought through invocation of the Virgin. Medical science recognizes the fact that a strong emotion or volition with assured conviction of the result often produces such innervation of the nervous system as to effect a speedy, though it sometimes proves temporary, relief. The healing wrought by Peter and John may have been of this kind. Such healing through an extraordinary stimulus of nervous force is divine. God works through the natural forces. But history shows that it has been effective among heathens as well as Christians. See the by no means entirely fictitious narratives of Apollonius of Tyana in the first century. Effectiveness in some cases may be claimed. But we have also witnessed woeful failure in the experience of personal friends who devoutly believed in their "science." "M. E. S." misquotes us. We said it was Christian in its spirit, but not in its "science." It has no science. Flying-machines will have their place and use, but the attempt to make a flying-machine supersede all other means of locomotion is not scientific.

1. How to deal with the effects of emotional religion? I have in my congregation many who will not come to the Lord's table, because they have not passed through a process of excitement with which they identify conversion. Some of the worst people in the congregation are members, because they have passed through emotional disturbances, chiefly at revivals, while some of the best are only adherents, because they have never had such emotional experience. Ought I to preach only gradual, and discourage sudden, conversion? The difficulty I feel is in the danger of destroying the supernatural element in religious experience. 2. I have some, whose lives betray much lack of principle, who point back to a certain revival when they profess to have given their hearts to God, as a proof of the reality of their religion. Does trusting in conversion destroy its reality? How are such people to be dealt with? 3. Which of the two forms of conversion (gradual and sudden) gives the best spiritual results? At which should a minister aim most? Ought a minister to be discouraged if he never hears of sudden conversions occurring under his preaching?
PASTOR.

1. "God fulfills himself in many ways." Conversion is of various types. St. Paul's seems to have been sudden. Many equally genuine cases have been like the gradual change of night to day. The moral value of our past is in its pres-

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ent effect on us. See how Jesus dealt with those who trusted in the past (John viii., 39, 40). "The supernatural element in religious experience" is not to be looked for in the past, but in the present, and not in the excitement of feeling, but in the consciousness of God as ruling in our will and endeavor for the ends expressed in the Lord's Prayer. The minister's work, fundamentally viewed, is to awaken the God-consciousness latent in the dormitory of the soul. To do that, it must be alive in himself. This was the secret of Jesus's power. Jesus seldom preached conversion, but always preached God, and the will and work and way of God. His great aim was to show men the Father, and awaken conscience to self-judgment before God. "Follow me" is his rule for your preaching. Be discouraged by nothing, but insist on Oliver Cromwell's maxim: "He who ceases to become better, ceases to be good."

1. I desire to take a thorough course of reading on the subject of recent interpretation of the Bible—"Higher Criticism." Will you please send me a list of commentaries and other books on this subject, and where they are published? 2. I desire a work which embodies your own idea of the future of the wicked. F.

1. Before you undertake the study of critical commentaries the requisite thing is to get some general introduction to the subject. For this purpose see Professor Briggs's "Biblical Study" (Scribners, New York), Dr. Gladden's "Who Wrote the Bible?" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), Dr. Horton's "Revelation and the Bible" (The Macmillan Company, New York), Dr. Bissell's "Genesis Printed in Colors" (Belknap & Warfield, Hartford, Conn.), and Dr. Bacon's "The Triple Tradition of the Exodus" (Student Publishing Company, Hartford). 2. Dr. Abbott's view of the future of the wicked is expressed in a chapter written by him for a book called "That Unknown Country," and published by C. A. Nichols & Co., Springfield, Mass.

1. Please explain what Matthew Arnold means in his book on "Literature and Dogma," p. 103, by the following: "And predictions which are strictly meant as such, like those in the Book of Daniel, are an embarrassment to the Bible rather than a main element of it." 2. Has any prophecy in the Bible been fulfilled in a way to satisfy the unprejudiced student? 3. Give the name of any small book on the early Fathers of the Church, written from an independent standpoint.
WESLEY.

1. Probably, that the argument from prophecy was so contested that it contributed less vindication to the Bible than it required for itself. That is, it was like an extension of the lines of defense, which draws heavily on the defending force. 2. Yes; for instance, Jesus's prophecy of the destruction of the Temple. Weizsäcker, a radical critic, says its authenticity cannot be disputed. 3. Farrar's "Lives of the Fathers" is not a small book, but it is the best book.

1. Where can I find the passage, in Robert Browning I think, of which the following is an inaccurate quotation, except the last four words:

"Hands like these hands shall receive thee,
A face like my face thou shalt see.
. . . 'See the Christ stand.'"

2. Can you tell me whether and where I can find the writings of Euhemerus? J. H. R.

2. Euhemerus was a Greek of the fourth century B.C. His writings are lost, except some quotations preserved by other writers. Many particulars about him and his design are also mentioned in a fragment of Diodorus Siculus preserved by Eusebius. He undertook to prove that the mythological deities of the Greeks were mortal men, who had been deified on account of their services to mankind. (See Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities.)

Where can I find the different translations from an old German poet, beginning as follows:

"Though the mills of the gods grind slowly," etc.

Longfellow has given it as follows:

"Though the mills *of God* grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small," etc.

But I have certainly seen some translation as follows:

"Though the mills of *the gods* grind slowly,
Yet they grind *exceeding fine*."

I am quite anxious to obtain the last quotation in its entirety, with the name of translator. J. H. T.

Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" ascribes the phrase "God's mill grinds slow, but sure," to George Herbert (1593–1632). The quotation as thus given is from Herbert's "Jacula Prudentum." In a foot-note Bartlett says: "'Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small'—F. von Logau (1614–1655): *Retribution* (translation)."

Please state how it was that Peter and John could write in such a style as to satisfy the literary men of to-day if they were unlearned and ignorant men, as is stated in Acts iv., 13. I have not asked this question in a caviling spirit, but for the purpose of seeking information. A CONSTANT READER.

It is not the style of Peter and John, but it is what they have to say, that satisfies any literary man to-day. Much more ignorant men than they can interest hearers if they have something to tell that is worth hearing. The story of the Cross and the Resurrection by those Galilean fishermen is what has moved the world. Paul was more learned than they, but see what he says of his own preaching (1 Corinthians ii., 1–5).

Can you inform me of a work on Worship? That is, something treating of the origin, history, and philosophy of worship, or somewhat along this line, or similar lines? J. F. S.

Professor W. R. Smith's "Religion of the Semites" gives a good account of the development of pre-Christian worship. Schaff's "History of the Christian Church" contains chapters on Christian Worship. Procter's "History of the Book of Common Prayer" describes the growth of the Protestant Episcopal liturgy.

Kindly inform me of books (in English) giving information on the lives of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Terese of Avilla, and of Hildegarde, of the convent near Rupertsberg. I have Gibbon and Neander. Is Montalembert's life of St. Elizabeth translated?
S. T. E.

Montalembert is translated and published by Sadlier, 33 Barclay Street, New York. We think he can supply the others also.

In response to various inquiries whether there is not a series of Sunday-school lesson helps "on the lines of the New Theology," a valued correspondent, who is a Universalist, sends us the following:

The Universalist Publishing House, 30 West Street, Boston, issues a monthly called the "Helper," whose expositions are in sympathy with the new theology, and whose editor is at least as modern as the "Britannica."
A.

If the writer who signs "N. D." in The Outlook, January 2, 1897, will send his address to B. B. Comegys, 4205 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, he will receive the books he inquires for free of charge.

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About People

—Although Dr. Charles John Ellicott, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, England, is eighty-six years old, he is an enthusiastic bicyclist.

—Premier Laurier, of Canada, has declined the distinction of knighthood which was offered him by Queen Victoria. The late Alexander Mackenzie, who was Premier of the Dominion from 1873 to 1878, as well as Mr. Edward Blake, declined similar honors, being, like Mr. Laurier, of strongly democratic principles.

—On account of ill health, General George Washington Custis Lee has tendered his resignation as President of Washington and Lee University to the Board of Trustees, and it has been accepted, to take effect July 1, 1897. General Lee has been appointed emeritus president for life, to render such services as his health will permit in the future.

—A correspondent of the "Examiner" relates this incident of a recent dinner in Philadelphia, at which Archbishop Ryan (Roman Catholic) and Dr. Watson were present: "It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Archbishop dwells in an atmosphere of ghosts or is saturated with gloom. It was quite delightful to see him and Dr. Watson fraternize and exchange felicities. The Archbishop said the inquiry had been made why all the nine Muses are represented as unmarried. It was suggested in reply that it was thought more in accordance with delicacy and sentiment that they should be pure, unmarried virgins. But the Archbishop's response was: "No, that is not the reason; it is because all those who woo the Muses are so poor that they are never able to propose marriage to them."

—The Baltimore "Herald" tells a good story of Bishop Paret (Episcopal), of that city. Some time ago he was the guest of an Episcopal family in West Virginia. Learning from the Bishop that he liked hard-boiled eggs for breakfast, his hostess went to the kitchen to boil them herself. While so engaged she began to sing the first stanza of the hymn "Rock of Ages." Then she sang the second stanza, the Bishop, who was in the dining-room, joining in. When it was finished there was silence, and the Bishop remarked: "Why not sing the third verse?" "The third verse?" replied the lady, as she came into the dining-room, carrying the steaming eggs; "oh! that's not necessary." "I don't understand," replied Bishop Paret. "Oh! you see," she said, "when I am cooking eggs I always sing one verse for soft-boiled and two for hard-boiled."

—The wedding of Count Adam von Moltke-Huitfeldt, of Denmark, and Miss Louise Eugénie Bonaparte, daughter of the late Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, calls attention to an episode in Napoleonic history which is thus summarized by the New York "Tribune:"

The bride of to-day is the great-granddaughter of the famous beauty, "Betsy" Patterson, of Baltimore, whose marriage to Jerome, brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, took place in Baltimore on Christmas Eve, 1803, the Rev. John Carroll, Bishop of Maryland, officiating. The alliance was not recognized by Napoleon, and Jerome, yielding to his solicitations and demands, abandoned his American wife, who indignantly rejected Napoleon's offer of a large pension, "provided she does not take the name of my family." Her son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was born in the suburbs of London, England, where she had been forced to take refuge by the relentless persecution of her brother-in-law. The occurrences which followed are historic—the refusal of the Pope to dissolve the marriage, the decree of the Council of State of France, under Napoleon's dictation, declaring it null; Jerome's creation by Napoleon as King of Westphalia, and his subsequent marriage to a Princess of Wurtemburg. The name "Jerome," which Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte conferred upon her only son, has been handed down in the family ever since, being borne now by a brother of the bride, a boy yet in his teens. Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte, with her son, passed her life partly in the United States and partly in Europe. Only once did she ever see her ex-husband after their first parting. It happened that Jerome, with his Queen, Catherine of Wurtemburg, was visiting the Pitti Gallery, when he came face to face with his repudiated wife. No sign of recognition was made by either, but Jerome said to Catherine, "That is my American wife." Mme. Bonaparte's son married Miss Susan Williams, of Roxbury, Mass., by whom he had two sons—Jerome, father of the bride of to-day, and Charles, a resident of Baltimore, who gave away his niece to-day. Mme. Bonaparte died in Baltimore in 1879. Her husband, Jerome, died in 1860. After the death of Catherine of Wurtemburg he contracted a third marriage with an Italian lady of title.

Bits of Fun

For a jackass endowed with the power of speech, Balaam's did very little talking.—*Harlem Life.*

Revolutionary.—Traveler—Who governs here? South American Inhabitant—Oh! we take turns. —*Puck.*

She (on the avenue)—There goes a bicycle all in a heap. He—Well, I guess you'll find there's a woman at the bottom of it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"My dear," Mrs. Chatt's husband finally dared to remark, "there seems to be but one end to your conversation, and that is the beginning."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"That man has such a power over Vaulter, the banker, that he can make him hot or cold, happy or morose, at will." "What is he—a hypnotist?" "No—a janitor."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Medium (to party at sitting)—The spirit of your deceased husband desires to converse with you. Wife—Huh! if he ain't got no more spirit now than he had when he died, he ain't worth troubling about.—*New York World.*

"My child," said the old herring to the young herring, by way of parting advice, "the whole ocean is before you, but don't go too near those canneries along the coast of Maine unless you want to be taken for a sardine."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Hold!" whispered the heroine. "Something tells me we are being followed." The hero laughed lightly. "Impossible," he rejoined. But the woman's intuition was right. Two men in the second gallery were consulting the libretto.—*Truth.*

Minister—How's your boy getting on at college, Brother Perkins? Farmer Perkins—Fus'rate, but his books do cost awful. I've sent him money for a chemistry, a trigonometry, algebra, geometry, and now he tells me he is obliged to get a new cyclometer.—*Philadelphia American.*

He—I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and the maiden are in a tender attitude. She—Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him. How sweet! What does the artist call the picture? He (looking about)—

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Oh! I see! It's written on a card at the bottom, "Sold!"—*Household Words.*

He was very deferential, but he was a deacon in the church, and he felt that he had a right to criticise. "I hope you'll pardon me," he said, "if I suggest that your sermons are—at—" "Too prosy, I suppose," suggested the minister. "Oh, no; not that. But too long." "But you mustn't blame me for that," returned the minister, pleasantly. "If you knew a little more I wouldn't have to tell you so much."—*Exchange.*

The London "Church Times" tells the story of a Protestant minister who, on going to a new parish, inquired if there were any Puseyites in the community. "Naw, sir," said the clerk; "there used to be some, but for the last two years the boys have took all their eggs." This is on a par with the answer of the Georgia "cracker" who replied to a Sunday-school missionary that he did not know whether there were any Presbyterians in the neighborhood or not, "but there was some varmint around which was catching the chickens and lambs."—*Exchange.*

American wheelmen traveling alone in Europe have many queer experiences. A young man who was bicycling in southern France was pushing his wheel up a steep hill, when he overtook a peasant with a donkey-cart, who was rapidly becoming stalled, though the little donkey was doing his best. The benevolent wheelman, putting his left hand against the back of the cart, and guiding his wheel with the other, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load up to the top successfully. The summit reached, the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor. "It was very good of you, monsieur," he said. "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Congressional Library

The moving from the old to the new Congressional Library naturally brings that library prominently before the public at this time. The present Librarian, Mr. Spofford, was appointed by President Lincoln thirty years ago. As one of the papers says, Congress put the task of making bricks without straw or tools before Librarian Spofford. Year after year Mr. Spofford has petitioned Congress for a larger sum of money to meet the needs of the steadily increasing work of the National Library. In thirty years no additional accommodations have been provided for the collection of books, pamphlets, maps, and charts which have been added year by year to the Congressional Library. A few far-seeing statesmen have worked hard to secure more space and larger appropriations for the care of the valuable, the priceless possessions of this library. The end, of course, has been accomplished in the new building. No money has been appropriated for cataloguing the possessions of the library, and while the librarian and his assistants have done more than the law could require from them for the salaries received, still the Congressional Library is of comparatively little use to the public because of its incomplete cataloguing. Recently the Government was presented with a valuable and interesting collection of pamphlets and books, and the only place in which they could be stored was in the crypt of the Capitol. This collection has not been catalogued, and it looks now as if it would be some time before an appropriation could be secured to pay for this work. It has been decided to fix the salary of the Librarian of Congress at $5,000 a year. The former salary was $4,000. It has been also decided, by a vote of 61 to 21, that the appointments of the Librarian of Congress shall be made solely with regard to the fitness of the persons appointed for the duties they are to perform, without regard to their political affiliations, and that none shall be removed without cause. This, of course, is the one protection of which the library stood in need. Nothing could be more fatal to its usefulness than that its employees should represent the patronage of politicians.

Europe at the Play

By William Watson

O languid audience met to see
The last act of the tragedy
On that terrific stage afar
Where burning towns the footlights are—
O listless Europe, day by day
Callously sitting out the play!

So sat, with loveless count'nance cold,
Round the arena, Rome of old.
Pain, and the ebb of life's red tide,
So, with a calm regard, she eyed,
Her gorgeous vesture, million-pearled,
Splashed with the blood of half the world.
High was her glory's noon: as yet
She had not dreamed her sun could set!
As yet she had not dreamed how soon
Shadows should vex her glory's noon.
Another's pangs she counted naught;
Of human hearts she took no thought;
But God, at nightfall, in her ear,
Thundered His thought exceeding clear.

Perchance in tempest and in blight,
On Europe, too, shall fall the night!
She sees the victim overborne,
By worse than ravening lions torn.
She sees, she hears, with soul unstirred,
And lifts no hand, and speaks no word,
But vaunts a brow like theirs who deem
Men's wrongs a phrase, men's rights a dream.
Yet haply she shall learn, too late,
In some blind hurricane of Fate,
How fierily alive the things
She held as fools' imaginings,
And, though circuitous and obscure,
The feet of Nemesis how sure.

—*London Chronicle.*

The Armenian Fund

Previously acknowledged	$7,912 58
R. E., Jersey City, N. J	2 00
A Friend, Salem, O	1 00
E. W. T., Newton Center, Mass	5 00
C. G. C	2 00
Anonymous	1 00
Norwich, Vermont	2 00
A Friend, Fall River, Mass	1 00
M. R., Urbana, Ill	2 50
Anonymous	1 00
J. B. E., Greenwich, Conn	6 00
Asheville, N. C	10 00
Total	$7,946 08

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For the Little People

Two Ways

By Helen Standish Perkins

A calendar of gold and gray
  Has on my wall a place,
And Dick and Nell both love so well
  The daily skies to trace.

For circles gray declare the day
  That rain or cloud befell.
The radiant light of sunshine bright
  The golden circles tell.

Now little Dick (a doleful trick)
  Counts only circles gray,
Till in his eyes the clouds arise,
  And chase the smiles away.

But happy Nell, I'm glad to tell,
  Counts every *golden* space,
Till bluest skies beam from her eyes
  And sunshine from her face.

A lesson here, 'tis very clear,
  For young folks or for old:
Let days of gray pass on their way,
  But *count* the days of gold.

A Weather Record for Little People

By Helen Standish Perkins

I wonder if the little people who read this department of The Outlook know how to make a weather record?

No doubt many of those who go to the kindergarten have one there, but for those who do not it is interesting to make one at home.

You need first a calendar where the daily spaces are large—about an inch square is a good size

Then you will need paper circles of gray, white, and gold or yellow.

If you live where you can get kindergarten supplies, you can buy these circles; but if not, just buy the paper and make them yourself by marking around a five-cent piece and then cutting the circle out.

Every morning you record the weather by pasting in the space on the calendar a gold circle if fair, a white one if snowy, or a gray one if cloudy. The gray one marked with slanting lines shows a rainy day.

So at the end of the month you can tell how many pleasant and how many cloudy days we have had; and if you do not tear off the leaf for the month, but turn it back on the calendar, you will find it interesting to compare one month with another.

Papa, too, will like to see when the first snow-storm came, and mamma how many rainy Mondays there were in the month.

Here is a little verse to say as you paste on the circle:

Some days will bring the golden sun,
  Some days the rain will fall,
But we'll be glad on ev'ry one,
  For God doth send them all.

I know some little children who, in addition to keeping a record of the weather, mark every day, by an arrow, the direction of the wind. The first thing in the morning they run to the window to see how the golden finger of the weather-vane is pointing, and they have learned which winds are likely to have the golden circles mark the day, and which the gray ones. Do you know?

The older children love to repeat the poem of Edmund Clarence Stedman, "What the Winds Bring," and even little four-year-old Harry can say the verse he learned at kindergarten:

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
  Some heart is glad to have it so.
So blow it east, or blow it west,
  The wind that blows, that wind is best.

Try this weather record this new year, dear children, and see if you do not enjoy watching the sky and the clouds. One cannot begin too young to look upward.

After the Snow-storm

By Grace Thompson

It was a poor neighborhood, and this house was one of the poorest. A woman, with a shawl over her head, was showing us some empty rooms. While we were looking at them there came from the tiny yard the clearest, happiest laugh. It rang out so clearly that we stopped talking and went to the rear windows.

Down in the yard was a pile of snow. It was really black, the soot from a near-by factory having covered it. A tiny little boy was trying to get up the slippery slide he had made on one side of the tiny hill, dragging a home-made sled after him. He would slip back again and again, and each time laugh as though he were having the greatest fun.

The sled was made out of a soap-box. Somebody, probably his big brother, had made it for Christmas. The runners had been shaped by a knife; the top bore the paper advertisement that had been on the box, but with the letters standing topsy-turvy. While we were watching, the small boy had got to the top of his very small hill, and by digging in his heels he was able to hold the sled back until he was seated on it. Then he went down. The hill was about five feet high, so it did not take him long to reach the bottom. But when he did, he rolled over and over on the stone pavement, laughing.

The tired woman, with the shawl over her head, laughed in sympathy, her eyes shining in love. Then we knew she was his mother.

Seeing this little boy having such a good time with his clumsy, home-made sled reminded me of what I saw three winters ago, after a heavy snow-storm. It was growing dark as I came near the corner of a street where a number of poor people live. I heard, when some distance from the corner, some children laughing. It made me think of silver bells. I hurried to see the fun. When I turned the corner I almost ran into a group of little children—little girls with shawls over their heads, and boys without overcoats, and not one had mittens. Their eyes were bright, and their cheeks like roses. They fell over each other in their fun and excitement. A

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little girl was sitting on a broom. As many as could took hold of the handle and dragged her over the snow. The rest ran after this queer sled shrieking with laughter. Only the little ones could sit on the broom, but the largest and strongest were the horses, and the rest the attendants.

That morning I heard a little boy cry as if his heart would break, because his sled was too small; he said it was smaller than the other boys'.

As I think of the group of happy children with a broom for a sled, and the small boy with the soap-box sled, the sound of their laughter drowns the crying of the boy whose sled was too small.

What's in a Birthday?

By Rosetta Munroe Spencer

Monday is the day we wash.
If all the clothes get dry,
We iron them on Tuesday,
Then fold and put them by.
On Wednesday mamma makes her calls,
But Thursday afternoons
She stays at home and lets our Jane
Go visit the Muldoons.

We always sweep on Friday,
And give the rugs a shake,
And dust and mop the morning long;
But Saturdays we bake,
And that's the reason why I think
That Saturday's the best;
But mamma chooses Sunday,
For that's the day of rest.

Now, I was wondering last night,
When I was tucked in bed,
If people born on Monday
Ought to earn their daily bread
By washing clothes; but then I soon
Remembered brother Will
Was born on Monday, and he says
He's going to run a mill.

Ned says he heard the baker's boy,
Around the corner, say,
The reason he's a baker—
He was born on Saturday.
Perhaps because on Wednesday
My papa's birthday falls
Is the reason he's a doctor,
And makes so many calls.

On Thursday was my mamma born.
At home she has to stay,
To see that everything goes well.
But brother Ned's birthday
On Friday comes—the day we sweep;
And just to sweep the snow
From off the steps makes Ned so cross,
He hates to sweep, I know.

But mamma says if Ned will sweep
The cobwebs from his brain,
And study more and frolic less,
His rightful place he'll gain
When he's a man; but brother Will
Must wash his hands so neat
That Monday'd never be ashamed
If she and Will should meet.

Sweet baby Bess may sleep and rest,
For she's a Sunday child.
Now I was born on Tuesday—
My own dear mother smiled,
And said she hoped hereafter,
When she tried my hair to curl,
That I'd iron out my forehead
And be a pleasant girl.

The True Story of Bluebeard

Everybody who has heard the story of Bluebeard, the cruel husband whose pleasure seems to have been to cut off the heads of his wives, will be grateful to Professor Wilson for telling the true story of this man who has made us shudder. Professor Wilson says that the real Bluebeard lived in Brittany, before Brittany became a part of France. His father died when the boy was young. In Brittany, at that time, it was not thought that mothers knew how to bring up their sons. This boy was given to the care of his mother's father. It was the custom in that country at that time, about 1420, for boys to marry young, so Giles de Rais was married at sixteen years of age, his wife having been selected by his grandfather. His wife lived many years after him, and never complained of cruelty from her husband. Giles de Rais went to war shortly after he was married. Brittany was at war with England. He was a brave soldier, and advanced rapidly. He became Dean of the nobles, and was sent to see the King of France, Charles VII. It is said that Giles de Rais was one of the body-guards of Joan of Arc. He became a Marshal of France, but returned to Brittany, where he had several castles. He was very extravagant, and at last used up all his money, and become a poor miser. He sought the philosopher's stone, that was supposed to bring great wealth to the finder. He met a priest who was an alchemist. Together the priest and Giles worked day and night in one of Bluebeard's gloomy castles to find the magic stone. The priest at last said that they must have the blood of innocent young men and women. Then Giles became the mysterious monster who gave rise to the famous tale, and men and women disappeared in his castle. The people were roused, and the guilt of Bluebeard, an assistant, and the priest was proven. They were executed, and at this day the peasants show the place. There were no newspapers to print the story at that time, so people told it one to the other. Probably some unwise parents made it even more terrible in order to frighten little children. It was in this telling from one to the other that the story was changed. Professor Wilson has studied the stories of that olden time, called folk-lore, until he has found the true stories, as people of that far-away time told them.

Home-Made Bricks

Bricks, as you know, are made of clay. Up the Hudson River, for miles along the banks, you see low, unpainted sheds, and bricks often seen in rows on the ground in the process of baking, if they are sun-baked bricks. The reason this brick industry has taken possession of the river at this point is because the clay there makes a fine brick, which sells well, and the river makes transportation easy.

In one of the mining districts of Pennsylvania there are a number of miners from Belgium. Brick-making is one of the industries of Belgium,

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and the poor people know the kind of clay that will make bricks. They found it all about their homes in the new land. Now there are about two hundred brick houses in that region, built by the miners. The bricks were made by the wives and daughters, and no doubt the little children helped. The making of the brick is begun in the spring. The clay is mined, that is, it is dug up in piles and worked with a hoe and a rake; all the stones, or other matter not pure clay, are thrown out, and sometimes the clay is handled like dough for bread; it is kneaded with the hands. Then the clay is put in molds that are the shape of bricks as you know them. The molds are put in the sun to dry, and when partially dried are put into the kilns and baked. Two of these Belgian women made 40,000 bricks last summer.

The bricks made in this way, it is said, are not as smooth on the edges as our bricks, but they are durable and of a good color.

A Proper Reason

Great-grandma said (and she's always right),
"A proper child must be polite."
And teacher said (for I wrote it down),
"Katharine is a proper noun."
That's another grammar—so, you see,
If I'm not as polite as I can be,
Katharine's not the name for me.

—*Youth's Companion.*

The Home Club

The Kindergarten

In Chicago, in the early fall, the third Convocation of Mothers, held under the auspices of the Chicago Kindergarten College, was held. The purpose of these annual meetings is to bring together thoughtful mothers and kindergartners for the purpose of exchanging ideas and experiences. The purpose of the kindergarten is so thoroughly understood now that it is not necessary to use any argument to prove its value in the development of children. Great as this value is, it really is minor in comparison with the education of mothers, which is due wholly to the general introduction and the development of the kindergarten as part of a child's education. While it is true that clubs usurp a large portion of the time of many women, it is also true that even overworked mothers find time for the child study club, for kindergarten meetings, and for the reading and study of kindergarten literature. The kindergarten has changed the whole system of punishment, and mothers, even those whose educational opportunities have been limited, are beginning to understand that the wisdom of every mother is shown by the nicety with which she adjusts the punishment to the crime; the clearness of her appreciation of the difference between the intentional act of disobedience and the act that is the result of not understanding how to apply the mother's directions. At this Convocation one mother asked, "What would you do with a very destructive child who tears all his picture-books, pulls his toys apart, and wants to take to pieces everything that comes within his reach?" We can well imagine how only a few years ago she would have been told to tie the child's hands behind him, to put on mitts, to make him sit in a chair, or to keep things out of his reach. But the kindergarten says, Do the opposite thing to his tendency; teach him to construct instead of destroy; make him understand what goes into the making of everything that he uses, so far as his intelligence will enable him to comprehend; realize that what you call destruction is more often the spirit of investigation. One mother told of her small boy who had been reproved because of his persistence in taking his sister's fork from her plate and putting it at his own before the meal was served, his reason being that he liked his sister's fork best because it was smaller than his fork. This mother possessed the gift of story-telling, and so she told a giant story, and, with the gift of the true story-teller, she applied the moral by making her child understand that he was the brave little hero who fought the giants, and that the big giants were his own faults. One day she passed the dining-room door and saw her small boy standing at his sister's place balancing the fork on his fingers. While she watched him he put it down with an air of resolution. As he turned he saw his mother, and, with a look of triumph, said, "That's the biggest giant I ever killed."

One of the kindergartners told of a method pursued with a small boy who was delivered at the kindergarten one morning by his father, with this sentence: "Lick him if you have a mind to. I can't do nothing with him." The child proved quite as bad as the father represented him. As the kindergartner said, he was the result of his environment. He was turbulent, a born pugilist, and cruel. The teacher, one day, was bidding him good-by when he sprang at her and struck her on the wrist. He was placed at the far end of the room at a small table by himself, and not allowed to join the other children. He was told that if his feet were good he could march with the children; if his hands were good he could join them in their exercises. Slowly he realized that there was a law to which he must be obedient; that this law was not an enemy, and that as soon as he recognized it he would become a part of the little community. Slowly each day he gained mastery of himself, the time that he spent with the other children increasing as he gained that mastery, until finally he became again a member of the community. To the joy of his teacher, when she was sitting at the piano one day, he came up to her and asked her to let him kiss her. One of the most beautiful incidents told is the following: A teacher put some seeds into a glass jar filled with water. Peas and beans were used, and a small wooden ball treated in the same way as the seeds. Every day the children watched the seeds that they had planted. The remarks made as the seeds changed in appearance were, "Oh, they are fatter! They are all swelled up!" And one little one said, looking at the wooden ball, "Why, this one is just the same; it hasn't done anything." One day when the seeds had shown a very perceptible difference, one little girl said, "I know

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what's the matter; that," pointing to the wooden ball, "is not alive!" when another one exclaimed, "I know why! Because God made the seed, and the carpenter made the ball."

This is kindergarten training, and training is what a child needs. The kindergarten is a home influence; its spirit is controlling the best homes in the land. The kindergarten idea often suffers because of the lack of comprehension of those who try to express it, often because of the ignorance of those who bear its name; but the fundamental truth of the philosophy is its bulwark against misrepresentation and the prophecy of its life.

The Joining of the Streams

At the regular monthly meeting of the League of Parents and Teachers, held last week at Columbia College, the subject for discussion was, "Shall we send girls to college on examination or certificate?" The teachers all deplored the nervous strain that examination seemed to cause. One man believed that a part of a girl's education was to teach her to overcome this nervousness. Life was a series of tests; the examination for college one of them. The spirit in which this was accepted was a part of education. This sentiment brought applause. Most of the teachers preferred the college examination, because it made the teacher's standard a progressive one. The college examination was the test of the teacher as well as the pupil. The need of uniformity in the college examination was eloquently brought to the attention of the audience by a professor, who claimed that this absence of uniformity compelled the teachers in the secondary schools to prepare the students in the same classes to answer certain sets of questions instead of training their minds. At the time this small body of women were discussing this question, the Presidents of eleven Western colleges were assembled in Madison, Wis., at the call of President Adams, of the Wisconsin University, the principal subject of discussion being the relation of the college to the preparatory schools, with a view to securing uniformity in the standards of requirements for admission to universities.

If discussion has any value as prophecy, then the day is not far distant when uniformity of college entrance requirements will be accomplished.

Rainy Day Clubs

The rainy-day clubs seem to be established facts. Believing that there is strength in numbers, some women in several large cities have formed clubs, devised constitutions and by-laws to regulate the length of dress skirts on rainy days. The by-law of one club says "suitable jackets and modest hats," but fails to define these terms. Let us hope that a modest hat for rainy-day wear means one without trimming that can be injured by rain and dampness. A woman whose head-covering suggests a half-drowned fowl may not in the strict sense of the term be immodest, but she is conspicuous. Presumably a suitable jacket is one adapted to the temperature. The length of the skirt worn by members is not governed by an inflexible rule; there is a freedom of choice of four inches allowed. Conforming to the rules is not the only requirement of membership. A candidate must have two "sureties." There is no law compelling membership if a woman choose to regulate her rainy-day dress on these lines. There were hundreds of common-sense rainy-day dresses worn for years before "rainy-day clubs" were organized, but if such clubs strengthen the weak and wavering they are a national necessity.

The Teaching Profession

The reform school bill which was the occasion of much agitation in New York City during the whole of 1896 is now in operation. As many will remember, this bill was bitterly fought by many of the teachers, who believed that it was a bill that would militate against their interest and tenure of office. The feature that seemed to them to open the door to oppression was the placing of the educational side of the school in the control of a Board of Superintendents. During the holiday vacation this Board has been actively at work. The Superintendent announces that these transfers, in all but three cases, were promotions. The strongest possible argument in favor of the decentralization of the educational side of school administration is made by the Superintendent who used every means to defeat the bill. He states that under the trustee system promotions were made within the ward where the vacancy occurred; that this worked injustice. In some wards teachers worked eighteen years in the primary grade at the minimum salary, while in other wards teachers were promoted at the end of two or three years. "The Board of Superintendents, acting as a central body for the whole school system of the city, has attended to all appointments and promotions," the Superintendent states to be the present method of administration. Superintendent Jasper announces that one hundred and fifty teachers are needed in New York now, and cannot be obtained. The law passed last year requires all candidates for positions to hold a certificate from a high school and a school giving an approved training for teachers, or that they must, in lieu of such training, have taught successfully for three years. We are so accustomed to hear that the profession of teaching is overcrowded that the announcement of the impossibility of securing properly equipped teachers points to the elevation of the teacher to the acknowledged professional ranks. While the position of the teacher was, in the public mind, dependent on favor, teachers could never as a body hope to rank with the other professions. Every member of this Club should see to it that always in her conversation, especially in the presence of school children, the ideal of the teaching profession is presented.

The Day We Celebrate

The most skeptical will now be convinced that we are not a musical people. One of the organizations of patriotic women, organized to celebrate the events that appeal to the sentiment of the American nation, recently celebrated the anniversary of Washington's wedding day. The subject of the oration was "International Arbitration," which reveals a subtle association of ideas; the music was by a Japanese baritone in native costume, and the Hungarian band. Shades of the father of his country!

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R. I. Agricultural Experiment Station, Chemical Division.
H. J. Wheeler, Ph.D., Chemist.
Kingston, R. I., Dec. 3, 1896.

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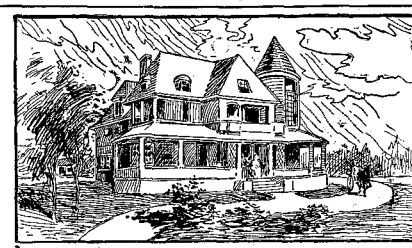

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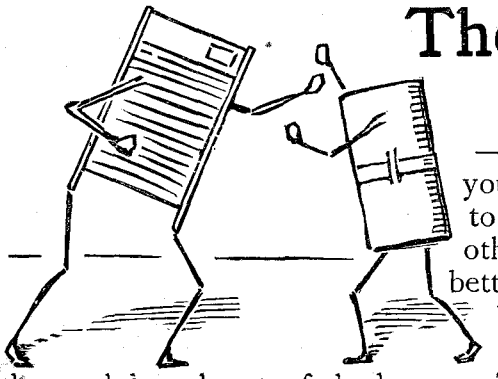

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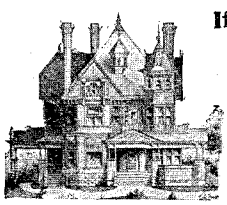

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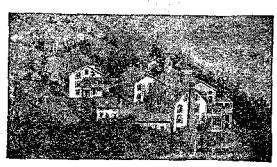

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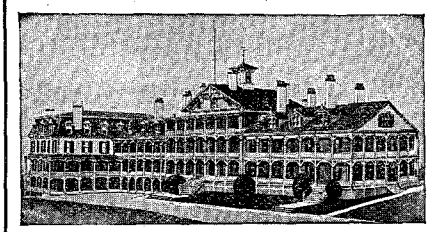

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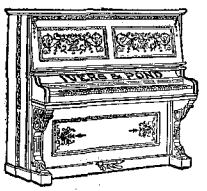

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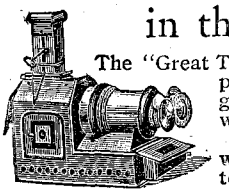

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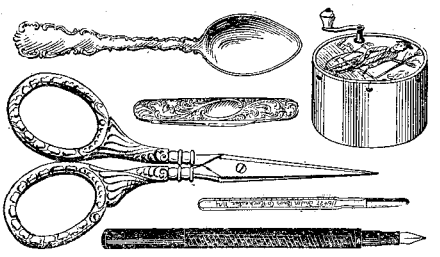

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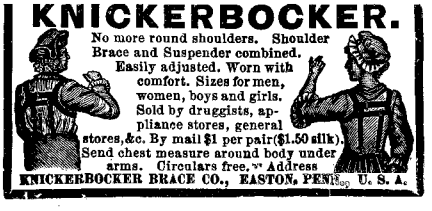

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